

Special Report: SPORT IN SOUTH AMERICA

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 15, 1962 50 CENTS

**ARGENTINA-BOUND WORLD CHAMPIONS
SNEAD AND PALMER**





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HOC PAVIMENTUM MONTINA EST.

The floor Montina is

HEU! IN VIA APPIA MONTINA CORLON NON ERAT. LANCASTRIS ANNO MCMLXII

Alas! On the Appian Way Montina Corlon wasn't. In Lancaster in 1962

A SOCIETATE ARMSTRONG EXCOGITATUM EST, UT QUAEQUE ASSULA VELUT LAPILLUS LITORALIS

by Armstrong considered it was, that each chip like a pebble of the seashore

LUCERET. QUIN ETIAM BARBARI, UT CONTEMPLARENTUR, CONSTITISSENT. RATI SE

would shine Even Barbarians, too, to look at it would have stopped. Thinking themselves

DITISSINAM GAZAM ROMANORUM CEPISSSE DOMUM CUM PRAEDA REDISSENT.

the richest treasure of the Romans to have captured, home with their booty they would have gone

QUANTOPERE MUTATUS ESSET CURSUS RERUM. LITTERIS ACCEPTIS, EXEMPLUM MITTETUR.

How greatly changed would have been history. On receipt of your letter, a sample will be sent

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I'm not allowed to fly Varig to Rio.

My doctor won't let me. Unsympathetic creature that he is, he claims I eat too much when I fly Varig. Hah! What does he know of temptations? Has he ever been exposed to the spine-tingling lure of Varig's fresh beluga caviar *sur glace*, washed down on a wave of icy vodka? Or the quivering delights of jellied river trout *au chablis*? Does he know what it is to abandon himself in helpless rapture to that heavenly French *foie gras* in port wine sauce? I ask you, could he resist the *cornets de jambon* Lucullus? Fat chance!

And don't tell me that other airlines serve tempting dinners, too. Good Lord, man—these are Varig *hors d'oeuvres* I'm talking about! As for dinner . . . ah! (Dare I call up those haunting memories?) I close

my eyes and see it even now: two beaming chefs stand majestically at the ready. One of them (surely another Escoffier?) has just garnished a *filet mignon* with truffle sauce. Instantly it is served upon exquisite china with my choice of *carottes à la crème* and hearts of artichoke *à la bordelaise*. I taste. I sip. Alas, I begin to feel a pang of undeniable guilt. Fortunately, this is dispelled at once by the approach of the key-dangling *sommelier*, with whom I fall into loving debate concerning the virtues of a '53 Haut Brion over a '57 Chateau d'Yquem. Pape I choose . . . I sip . . . I dine. I sigh. Surely, this is the celestial joy of a civilized man—not the spineless surrender of a wretch without will-power, as a certain insensitive doctor seems to think.

Next week, I'm due in Rio for a sales conference. My mind is made up: I shall simply insist that my doctor let me fly Varig. If he will, I'll promise to eat nothing but lean beef once I get there. Just a simple steak, broiled *churrasco* style . . . the way the *brasileiros* do it so well. Maybe with a smidgen of *bearnaise* sauce . . . and just the tiniest baked potato . . . and of course, a small glass of the local beer . . . and maybe . . .



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VARIG JETS FROM NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES AND MIAMI TO THE CARIBBEAN AND SOUTH AMERICA.
THE ONLY NON-STOP JETS FROM NEW YORK TO RIO (VIA BOEING 707 INTERCONTINENTAL), SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

How to ask your bank for a Nice Big Loan

(AND BE REASONABLY SURE OF GETTING IT)

If you ever hope to get rich (or even comfortably fixed), the logical thing to do is to learn *how* to borrow money. And *where*. Like many other things that are important, learning about money takes some intelligence, some practice, some skill — and, often, some help. There's no magic, and luck doesn't have as much to do with it as many people would like to think.

The best place to borrow is at a Full Service commercial bank

Here are six easy ways to get started:

First, pick a Full Service commercial bank that's handy to your home or work. (If you have any doubts whether it's a Full Service commercial bank or not, telephone and ask them. If their services include checking accounts, savings accounts and all types of loans, they're a Full Service bank.)

Second, give this bank all your banking business. (This includes your checking and savings accounts, any accounts your wife may have elsewhere. The more business the better.)

Third, get personally acquainted with one of the bank's officers. (Tell him you want to build a good working relationship with his bank because someday you might want to borrow a lot of money.)

Fourth, fill out one of the bank's Personal Financial Statements. (They'll keep it confidential and it will show them that you are deadily serious about building your net worth.)

Fifth, keep your savings account active and growing with regular deposits (even if they're small) and try to maintain some kind of a reasonable balance in your checking account.

Last, borrow a little money for some worthwhile purpose. Pay it back on schedule. Then borrow some more. Pay that back on schedule. Then borrow some more. (You get the picture.)



Get to know your banker before you need him

Almost before you realize it, you'll find that you have earned yourself a priceless banking relationship, a relationship that's built on a reputation for borrowing and paying back exactly as promised. This could be your most precious asset. Guard it zealously.

Now, when you're ready to go into business for yourself or buy a piece of income property, come in and see your banker again. (He's probably a good friend of yours by now.)

He can give you a lot of sound advice on the project's merits. Most important, he will now be a lot more interested in lending you large sums of

money — often at interest rates lower than you'd get anywhere else. What you have done, of course, is to establish enough credit so that you now have a bank that knows you and is willing to work with you. What's more, your precious savings are still intact and you're dollars ahead in the long run.

Sound logic? For the sake of your financial future, get started with a Full Service commercial bank *immediately*. You'll never regret it.



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Flamboyans flowers almost everywhere in Puerto Rico make it a glorious place to sip a Daiquiri. John Stewart photograph.

How to mix a professional Daiquiri at home

(with today's dry, white Puerto Rican rum)

FIRST, remember the bartender's dictum: "A perfect Daiquiri is a dry Daiquiri. Stinging cold."

Get three essentials. Cracked ice, fresh lime juice, and a dry, white Puerto Rican rum—no other rum is dry enough. Puerto Rican rums are distilled at high proof and aged in oak—the law in Puerto Rico. Don't bother to squeeze limes. Use

the new Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix. Follow the simple recipe below and you've got a professional Daiquiri. A dry Daiquiri. Stinging cold.

RECIPE: ½ oz. Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix; 1½ oz. dry, white Puerto Rican rum. Shake with cracked ice.

FREE! 31 Drink Recipes. Write to: Recipe Booklet, Rums of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19. ▶



NEW! FROZEN FRESH DAIQUIRI MIX: Get it from your grocer. It's the natural juice of tree-ripened tropical limes. Specially made to complement the extra dryness of white Puerto Rican rum. If your grocer hasn't got this new mix, tell him it's distributed by Wilbur-Ellis Co., New York and Los Angeles.





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TOURIST CHECK LIST

Schedule of events and activities
for the traveler in South America

ARGENTINA

AUTO RACING: National Grand Prix "Round the Republic," Buenos Aires (starts Dec. 7)

BOATING: A popular pastime with residents of the pampa provinces of Argentina. They flock to boat clubs such as those in Tigre on the Paraná delta (near Buenos Aires) to use their canoes, rowboats and sailing dinghies. (The summer season on the Paraná delta starts in December.) Competitive yachting events are numerous on the coastal areas of Argentina and this season's main events include: South American Lightning class trials (Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, Chile, Peru, Colombia, Venezuela and Ecuador), Olivos Yacht Club, Buenos Aires (Jan. 12-27), South American Lightning class championships, Buenos Aires (Feb. 10-17); Argentine Grumet class championships, Náutico San Isidro, Buenos Aires (March 16-24); autumn championship for 5.5 meters, Dragons, Finns, Grumets and Cadets, Argentine Yacht Club, Buenos Aires (March 21-April 7); Argentine championships for Penguin-Club class, Olivos Yacht Club, Buenos Aires (March 30 and April 14), and Argentine championships for Yola class, Náutico San Isidro, Buenos Aires (April 20-27).

FOOTBALL (SOCCER): Argentina vs. Chile, Buenos Aires (Nov. 21). The 1963 season opens at the end of April.

GOLF: Canada Cup Matches, Jockey Club, Buenos Aires (Nov. 8-11); Argentine Open Championship, Ituzaingó Golf Club, San Antonio de Padua (Nov. 22-25). The Central Republic Championship will be held during Holy Week at Villa Allende, near Córdoba, and the Southern Republic Championship will be played at Mar del Plata Golf Club during February.

HORSE RACING: Derby Internacional Grand Prix "Carlos Pellegrini," 10 million pesos, 3-year-olds and up, three kilometers, San Isidro Jockey Club track, Buenos Aires (Nov. 25); "Premio Comparación," best 3- and 4-year-olds, two kilometers, San Isidro Jockey Club track, Buenos Aires (Dec. 12); Derby Internacional Grand Prix "25 de Mayo," 10 million pesos, 3-year-olds, San Isidro Jockey Club track, Buenos Aires (May 25).

POLO: Main season extends from mid-November to mid-December. The matches are played in and around Buenos Aires, with the Argentine Open Championship taking place at the Palermo Polo Ground in late November.

continued

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Visit Bogotá and stay at the Hotel Tequendama (South America's biggest and plushiest hotel; Intercontinental, of course.) Prepare to meet heads of state, heads of royal families, heads of business. This is the smart place. Golf, horse racing, polo, soccer, tennis, hunting, swimming—all nearby. Plus all the excitement of colorful, cultural Bogotá. You're in the Andes. So don't forget your camera!



Journey down to Montevideo and headquarter at the Hotel Victoria Plaza—22 stories of sheer elegance, comfort, Intercontinental service. Spectacular views. Bright lounges. Intimate bars. The Sapphire Room, a fabulous supper club with top entertainment. Privileges at a private golf club and the Jockey Club Race Track. Pampas nearby. How do you want your steak??



If you must go home, go via Caracas and the Hotel Tamanaco. Intercontinental down to the last twist of lemon. And a lavish resort. Look outside your window and see mountain greenery. Look again—at glittering Caracas. Magnificent cabana-lined pool. Private gardens, delightful shops, bars, and lounges. Watch the stars perform at the El Naiguata nightclub. Heaven!

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CHECK LIST continued

BOLIVIA

BASKETBALL: La Paz Basketball League championship begins in mid-May, with games every Friday and Sunday at Coliseo Cerrado, La Paz.

FOOTBALL (SOCCER): The South American Championship (Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay and Peru) will be held at La Paz Stadium in mid-March and will last about three weeks. Starting in early May, La Paz Soccer League games will be held every Sunday through September at La Paz Stadium.

BRAZIL

BICYCLING: St. Sebastian Day race through main streets of São Paulo (Jan. 1).

FOOTBALL (SOCCER): Season begins November 3. The final three games (Jan. 23, 27 & 29) will be played in Rio de Janeiro and the winning team crowned Brazilian National Football Champion. Brazil won the 1962 World Cup, played in Santiago, Chile (SI, June 25).

IV PAN AMERICAN GAMES: April 20 through May 5 in São Paulo.

BRITISH GUIANA

BICYCLING: Cycle and athletics meeting at Georgetown Cricket Club, Georgetown (Nov. 13-18).

HORSE RACING: Two-day New Year Weekend meeting sponsored by Cattertyne Turf Club at Port Mourant; four-day Easter meeting sponsored by Demerara Turf Club at Durban Park.

CHILE

FISHING & HUNTING: Both deep-sea and freshwater fishing. Trout season Oct. 15-April 15. Bird shooting excellent in central Chile, season April to August. Dove (Cortofa), quail, snipe and duck most abundant.

FOOTBALL (SOCCER): Games every Saturday and Sunday in November; final competition November 28 at National Stadium, Santiago.

GOLF: South American Championship at Club de Golf Los Elones, Santiago in December.

WATER POLO: Chilean National and South American games in Antofagasta (March).

COLOMBIA

FAIRS: Feria del Azúcar (Fair of the Sugar Cane), featuring bullfights, regattas and carnival, Cali (starts Dec. 28); Manizales Fair, including bullfights, international soccer and carnival, Manizales (last week of January).

FOOTBALL (SOCCER): Current professional season ends in December, opens again in March. Colombia amateur championship will be played at Atanasio Girardot Stadium, Medellín (Dec. 11-22).

continued



Good news, Bill. I'm leading a group for a 3 week tour of South America. Want to come?



I, ah...



We'll see Panama, Peru, Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina—have a ball! Everyone's invited.



Well, I...



We'll go on March 12th. South America is great... it has everything. Come on along, Bill.



Yes Jayne, South America is fun. Sorry, I can't go with you. Don't cry, I am going before you on February 12th and everyone's invited with me, too. (Sighs my name Jose, not Bill.)

What better way to travel — than in a group conducted by someone who really knows how to travel and have fun?

Therefore we (Braniff and Eastern) have persuaded the charming Miss Jayne Meadows (really Mrs. Steve Allen in disguise) and that world-famous expert on Latin American affairs, Señor Jose (Bill Dana) Jimenez, to lead two tours to South America. Assuredly the most exciting development in travel since Balboa invented the South American tour in 1513!

Bill Dana's tour will be three weeks, from February 12th to March 3rd; Miss Meadows' tour will be from March 12th to 31st. (Note that we have given South America a few days to recuperate between tours.) You may go on both of them, but we recommend that you choose one.

The tours will begin in New York on luxurious Braniff El Dorado Super Jets (in cooperation with Eastern Air Lines). Or you may join the group in Miami, where mere Miami bound

passengers leave, reluctantly. Then you'll depart for 2 bright days in Panama, 5 more in Peru (with an excursion to Cuzco and Machu Picchu), a great glorious week in Brazil (Sao Paulo, Brasilia, Rio), a day of splendor in Uruguay, and 4 more golden days in Argentina. (We have a brochure that gives all the details. Send for it today.)

Now for the summary. You'll find the countries we mentioned are spectacular — in history, scenery, wonders, wonderful people, resorts, food, shopping, night-life, beaches etc. Miss Meadows, born in China, has traveled all over the world. We cannot conceive of a more perfect tour guide. (The qualifications of Sr. Jimenez-Dana need hardly be elaborated.) Of South America, Miss Meadows says: "Marvelous place! Can't wait to go." Of Braniff and Eastern, Sr. Jimenez says: "They are him dandy."

Did we mention our brochure? Send for it today.

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Please send detailed information on the Bill Dana and Jayne Meadows tours of South America in 1963. I am interested in traveling with ☐ Bill Dana on February 12, ☐ Jayne Meadows on March 12. (Please check one)

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COLOMBIA

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CHECK LIST (continued)

BENES: Annual amateur tournament (U.S., Australia, Spain and other countries represented) in mid-March at Baranquilla Country Club, Baranquilla.

ECUADOR

FESTAS: Bullfight Fair of "Jesus El Gran Poder," Quito (starts Nov. 24). Processions and carnival the first week. Running of the bulls (Dec. 1) through streets as at Spain's Pamplona Festival, and five bullfights with outstanding matadors from Spain and Mexico (Dec. 1, 2, 6, 9 & 16). **FISHING:** Excellent deep-sea fishing off Guayaquil and Salinas. The Isla de la Plata (Silver Island) off Manabí coast is a haven of international fishermen.

FRANCE-GUANA

BASKETBALL: Three night games a week at Parc des Sports, Cayenne. **FOOTBALL (SOCCER):** Games Saturdays and Sundays (December through July), Cayenne.

PARAGUAY

FOOTBALL (SOCCER): Ciudad Asunción Cup, with six best national teams competing in January. Season begins again in April.

TENNIS: Paraguay Tennis Association's opening tournament in March.

WATER SPORTS: January through March, the resort towns of San Bernardino and Caacupe on Lake Ypacarai (near Asunción) offer boating, swimming and water-skiing to both Paraguayans and tourists.

PERU

BULLFIGHTING: October and November in Lima (first "big league" season held in South America after fall season in Spain). Last four major fights: Nov. 1, 4, 11 & 18. Among bullfighters are Antonio Ordoñez of Spain and Venezuela's Curro Giron.

URUGUAY

BOATING: Cup Uruguay-Rio de la Plata (Dragons and Lightnings), January and February.

FOOTBALL (SOCCER): Season ends in December and resumes in April, but there are international matches through January, including game with Chile in Montevideo. **GOLF:** International Golden Cup championship in January, Punta del Este.

VENEZUELA

BASEBALL (PRO): Winter League play starts Nov. 28, features many Triple-A players and some major leaguers.

HORSE RACING: Cinco y Seis (Five & Six) every Sunday at La Rinconada track, Caracas.

HORSE SHOW: National show at Caracas in January (two weeks).

END

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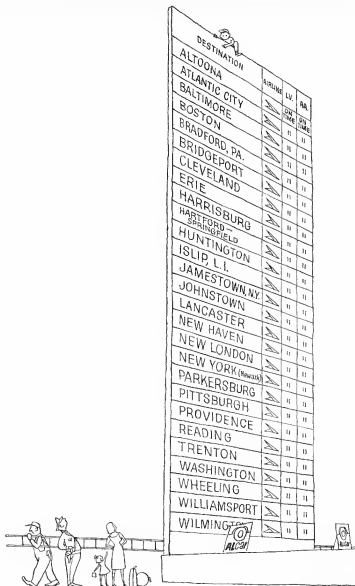
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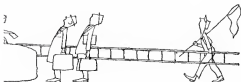


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POINT OF FACT

An NHL quiz to stimulate the memory
and increase the knowledge of the
casual fan and the armchair expert

? What team went the longest without winning during the regular season?

• The New York Rangers were winless in 25 straight games, tying four and losing 21. The streak stretched from January 1944 through November of the following season.

? What was the most prolific scoring team in NHL history?

• The Montreal Canadiens, in the 1959 season, scored a record 697 points on 258 goals and a record 439 assists.

? What were the most consecutive goals scored by a team in one game?

• On January 23, 1944 the Detroit Red Wings scored 15 straight goals against the New York Rangers to win the game 15-0. Detroit set another high in that game by scoring eight times in the third period. (This, fittingly, was the game that started the Rangers on their record 25-game nonwinning streak.) The most goals by a team in one game, however, is 16. The Canadiens scored them on March 3, 1920 against the Quebec Bulldogs.

? What is the shortest length of time a rookie player has gone before scoring his first goal in league play?

• It took Gus Bodnar of the Toronto Maple Leafs just 15 seconds of his first game to score a goal against the New York Rangers

continued



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POINT OF FACT *continued*

on October 30, 1943. Bodnar ended the season with 62 points (50-game schedule), a record for a rookie.

? *Three players have scored exactly 50 goals in one season. Who are they?*

• Maurice Richard of the Canadiens (1945) was the first player in NHL history to score 50 goals in a season. Bernie Geoffrion of the Canadiens and Bobby Hull of the Black Hawks equaled his record in 1961 and 1962, respectively. Richard scored his 50 goals in a 50-game season while Geoffrion and Hull did it over a 70-game schedule.

? *Who played the most consecutive seasons in the NHL?*

• Dit Clapper, a forward with the Boston Bruins, played 20 straight years (1927-1947).

? *What was the longest modern shutout streak by a goalie?*

• Bill Durnan of the Montreal Canadiens had four consecutive shutouts during the 1909 season.

? *Who scored the most points in one season? The most assists?*

• Dickie Moore of the Canadiens amassed 96 points on 41 goals and 55 assists in the 1959 season. Jean Beliveau, also of the Canadiens, had 58 assists during the 1961 season.

? *What team compiled the most points in one season?*

• In 1951 the Detroit Red Wings won 44 games and tied 13 (lost 13) for 101 points.

? *Did Detroit win the most games in one season?*

• No. The Montreal Canadiens, in 1956, won 45 games (tied 10, lost 15).

? *Has any team lost more than 50 games in one season?*

• Only one. In 1954 the Chicago Black Hawks lost 51 games (won 12, tied 7).

? *What team won the most consecutive games in one season?*

• From December 3, 1929 to January 12, 1930 the Boston Bruins won 14 straight games.

—FERMAN WEISKOPF



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Contents

NOVEMBER 12, 1962 Volume 17, Number 20

Cover photograph by John G. Zimmerman

18 The Underdogs Have Made It

Better play, larger crowds and rattle-dazzle add up to survival for the AFL.

24 Seesaw over Boxing's Snakepit

A lawsuit brought against Ray Cuba discloses the kind of intrigue that doesn't help prizefighting.

28 Biggest Golf Hustler of All

A young attorney with an interest for big money is making his golfers the richest men in sport.

SPORT IN SOUTH AMERICA

38 *Way, way down south, 3,000 miles below the Mason-Dixon line, it's summertime again. By Fred R. Smith*

42 *South America's ancient games of pride and valor are sketched on the spot by Domenico Gatti*

48 *Jerry Cooke photographs the marvelous landscapes of a continent made for sport*

60 *The fares are low, the food is great and the fun is everywhere. A traveler's guide by Pamela Knight*

66 *The international golf tournament for the Canada Cup goes Latin this week. Gurlin S. Brown previews it*

86 *The author of How Green Was My Valley, Richard Llewellyn, records the marvelous saga of el gaucho*

The departments

6 Scorecard	75 College Football
66 Golf	82 Fitness
69 Hockey	101 For the Record
72 Bridge	103 19th Hole



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Acknowledgments on page 101

Next week

A **TIGER AMONG LIONS** is Nick Petrosante of Detroit, who is presented close up in photographs. Tex Maule explains how Green Bay's crack defense will try to stop him.

THE NEW SKI FASHIONS are photographed in color in Aspen, Colorado. They include stretch tops tailored to go with stretch pants and warm, whimsical clothing for after-ski wear.

THE GREAT ONE may be Jackie Gleason, but The Great Marnie is Biggie, athletic director of Michigan State. Gerald Holland takes a close look at Biggie as well as at his office.

SCORECARD

STARS IN MY CROWN

The slowly rising wave of criticism directed at the absolute dominance that college football coaches hold over their teams stopped a little higher last week with the word that Air Force Academy Coach Ben Martin is awarding his players stars for outstanding accomplishments on the field—intercepted passes, recovered fumbles, a large number of tackles, and so on. The stars are in the form of decals that are pasted onto the player's helmet. Remember how you felt back in the first grade when you did a perfect page of capital As and got a shiny gold star pasted in your book? Can't you just see a 220-pound middle linebacker writing home and saying, "Dear Mom, guess what? I got a star for gang tackling today!"

THE INSIDE TRACK

- Consensus in Baltimore is that Johnny Unitas has gone back because 1) his protection is not what it used to be, 2) his receivers are not as good as they used to be, 3) opponents have studied his moves and are no longer surprised at such tricks as double or triple pumping.
- Furman, which produced the nation's top scorers in All-Americans Frank Selvy and Darrell Floyd, is not giving any basketball scholarships this year. It's a matter of economics at the hard-pressed Baptist institution.
- At least three Big Ten schools reportedly are casting covetous eyes at the Big Eight's two most successful football coaches so far this season—Dan Devine of Missouri and Bob Devaney of Nebraska (see page 75).
- A new rule in college basketball this season is aimed at the big man. If a player swings his arms excessively—as strong rebounders almost always do—he'll lose the ball out of bounds, even if he doesn't make physical contact.

SEVEN-FOOTER

A 13-year-old Canadian horse named Blue Beau jumped a 7-foot 1-inch barrier at the National Horse Show in New York's Madison Square Garden

last week to win an event called the International Puissance. This was honor enough, but as often happens with superior athletes it wasn't so much the victory that made Blue Beau the crowd's favorite as it was the way he did it. Unlike most horses, which go straight up and over the wall like an old-fashioned scissors-style high jumper, Blue Beau seems to have studied the technique of Valeri Brumel, a seven-foot high jumper of a somewhat different species. As he lifted toward the height he had to clear, Blue Beau twisted his hindquarters horizontally in a sort of equine western roll and nipped his heavy legs over the fence way out there, to one side. It looked clumsy, compared to the straight-up style of the other jumpers, who float proudly through the air like four-masted schooners with all sails rigid, and as Rider Tommy Gayford said, "It can scare you if you're on him."

Of course, Stan Musial has an unorthodox batting style and he's a champion, too. Like Blue Beau.

HERE'S LUCK

Dolly Connelly of Bellingham, Wash., a lady of quality and truth, offers a fish story about deer.

It seems that two Boeing engineers always hunt together. They pool their deer tags, so to speak, until each has the one buck he is allowed. On opening day this year, one of them was successful, the other got skunked. So, with one deer tag remaining, they went out again the next weekend. High in the hills they came on a hogback ridge with plenty of deer sign on either side, so they decided to split up and meet again at the base of the ridge. When they got back together later each was looking for the other to help him haul his deer—and they had only one tag left between them.

They are both fine sportsmen and it was unthinkable to leave one of the bucks in the woods to rot. So they brought both animals out, piled them in their pickup truck and started down, trying to figure out how they could explain this to the local game protector. Just before

they reached the main road leading back to Seattle, they spotted a station wagon parked deep in the brush and they stopped to investigate. In the front seat of the wagon snored a hunter deep in an alcoholic sleep. His deer tag stuck jauntily out of his hatband. His rifle was on the floor in the back.

The engineers exchanged a delighted look. Without a word, they went to work. One wrestled the extra buck from the pickup to the back of the station wagon and applied the drunk's deer tag to it. His companion took the drunk's rifle, got in the truck, drove back up the forest road a mile or so, fired the rifle twice, retained the empty cartridges and drove back down again. Carefully, the rifle was placed across the sleeper's lap and the expended cartridges were scattered on the seat of the car.

Then the two engineers left, fast and quietly, grinning with relief. The sad part of the story is no one was around to report what happened when the ported Nimrod awoke.

BOOTLEG TV

Then there was the one about the guy who drove out from the big city and checked into a motel in the middle of the



day with a beautiful girl, a bottle and no luggage. He told the clerk he was going to watch television.

So don't smicker. He watched television. It happens in Connecticut every Sunday when the New York Giants are home. And something approximating it happens in other National Football League cities—wherever ingenious fans can find a place to catch the game on a TV station located outside the NFL's 75-mile home-game blackout area.

The Connecticut motels were not the first with this TV bootlegging, but they have given it class. They even advertise in the New York newspapers—"Big, beautiful private room, a 21-inch television set . . . plenty of glasses and ice." And the crowds and liquor are pouring in. Like at the 160-room Stratford Motor Inn in Stratford, Conn., which is perhaps the only blackout oasis anywhere that features a book of Shakespeare's plays in every room.

The inn's 50-foot antenna is reverently pointed, like an electronic Moslem, toward Hartford, 60 miles away, and upward of 250 football pilgrims have been on hand for its Sunday picture. The tab is \$10.35 for a room with a TV view, and the management tries to limit the number of persons in a room to four.

Early arrivals can lunch at the inn's Mermaid Tavern on such Anglo-vindas as "Beefsteak, Kidney and Oyfter Pye 4.95," and "Madras Curry of Chyken and Prawns, Pineapple Chutney 5.25," or quench a thirst with a "Yard of Ale," which is served in a yard-long glass by quaint "English" barmaids. Recently, however, the management, realizing that St. Laurence Olivier is one thing and Y. A. Tittle another, added unformed vendors to hawk sandwiches and beer from door to door to "give some of that ball park flavor."

If Connecticut motels feature quality, the city of Detroit has long since had bootleg TV in quantity—at least on the west side of town. West of Woodward Avenue the Lions' games from Tiger Stadium come in clear on most average home sets from a TV station in Lansing, 85 miles away. An elaborate survey in 1959 satisfied the Lions that practically nobody in Detroit could pick up the Lansing station. One faithful surveyor trudged through 74 bars as part of the saloon TV census. Seventy-four bars he visited, and the Lions believed him. The west-siders think the Lions are crazy. They don't need a survey to tell them anything; they've got the whole east side in their homes Sunday afternoons. One west-sider says, "I'm going to send the Lions my bills for beer and food."

Around noon the driveways on the east side miraculously clear out. The only traffic jams in the Motor City occur in that mystic land west of Woodward Avenue. A more acute survey might show that the whole west side of Detroit lists so many inches each Sunday. "It's like a ship taking water," a Detroitier reports. "Things slide along the living room into

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

the west walls. Then when the game is over and the traffic starts back across Woodward Avenue, everything slides back the other way. It's very dangerous."

In Green Bay and Milwaukee, alternate home cities of the Packers, and in Chicago the signals from such places as Madison, Wis. or Rockford, Ill. are too distant to be beamed directly into any of the home-game cities, but residents need make only a short drive out of town to find a bar that has the game on TV. It's the biggest boon to Sunday drinking in the Midwest since Carrie Nation moved East. "We don't charge anything to watch. Who has to?" says the bartender at the Paddock Club in Wheaton, Ill., west of Chicago. "Without a game we have only half a dozen people in here drinking, but with a good game we draw close to 60."

In San Francisco the ardor of 49er fans has been dimmed somewhat by a succession of also-ran seasons and by the 1962 glories of the baseball Giants. But a few years ago some enterprising promoters fixed up aerials and brought in a Chico station, 150 miles away. They formed a club, charged 52 dues and jammed thousands of members into auditoriums and hotel banquet rooms to see the game at Kezar Stadium. Unfortunately, the reception failed, and since no one could blame *Mar* on the coach, the members demanded their dues back. The club disbanded.

Now Reno has stepped in to fill the breach. Last month it invited visitors to attend its so-called Sports Weekend, which is something like Sodex pushing a church bazaar. The Reno bill of fare included a live exhibition by the pro basketball Warriors and TV of both World Series and 49er games. Unfortunately rain dampened both the Series and travel from California, and Reno was stuck with its usual complement of slot machines and divorce seekers.

Although some of the bootleg watchers act as though their TV activity has a speakeasy atmosphere, it can hardly be construed as unlawful. There is no limit to how far an FCC-licensed TV signal may be sent and seen. Still, a change may be coming. Detroit General Manager Edwin J. Anderson has made a preliminary proposal to Commissioner Pete Rozelle that the defined black-out area be amended to include all stations whose beams reach to within 75 miles of the home city. Since it takes about five of-

ficials to measure off the 10 yards for a first down, it is interesting to speculate exactly how the NFL is going to go about measuring beam lengths.

Maybe the league should drop the whole thing. Considering the number of fans being driven from hearth and family into the dens of liquor-drenched iniquity and TV, the NFL might just end up getting more trouble from the WCTU than from the AFL.

THE LAST STRAW

A baseball fan who was traveling abroad last month reports in a disconsolate note that in the overseas press there's no place like home plate. Struggling to keep abreast of the baseball news—the play-off and the World Series—he eagerly grasped at this straw from London's *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*: "Today the Giants play their first game in the 'World Series' with the New York Yankees. . . . The 'World Series,' the Test matches of baseball, is decided on the best four of seven goals." Biting his tongue, our friend then and there gave up the chase until he came home again.

THEY SAID IT

- Jim Wicks, manager of British fighter Henry Cooper, on Sonny Liston: "He won't lose his title without he goes to sleep one night and somebody nicks it."
- Jim Camp, George Washington football coach, asked if his team softened up West Virginia in losing 27-25, a week before the Mountaineers suffered their first defeat, 51-22, to Oregon State: "Yep, like breaking a boxer's hand with your jaw."
- Norm Van Brocklin, Minnesota Vikings coach, after two of his players were thrown out of a game for fighting: "Rookies learn that the one who swings second loses. An oldtimer would have waited for a pileup, or some other time, to get even."

HOW TO SUCCEED WITHOUT REALLY

The Football Writers Association of America has just released its list of 168 nominees for the 1962 All-America team. From this list, drawn up after much consultation and thorough analysis, the football writers will make their final choice. We are rooting for Tackle Bill Wright of Princeton, who will be surprised and delighted—or maybe just amused—to find his name on this select roster. The football writers in their wisdom may pick Bill for first team All-America, but so far this season he's been no better than third team All-Princeton. **END**

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2. Enclose, with you entry, 5 White Owl 100 Cigar Bands, or the top flap of a White Owl 5 pack, or point or block letters the name White Owl on 5 separate sheets of 3 x 5 inch paper on reasonable letterhead, and mail to:

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Army vs. Navy
Syracuse vs. U.C.L.A.**

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THE UNDERDOGS

It rained and it snowed and the wind whipped through Buffalo last Saturday night, but a record crowd of 33,247 thronged undaunted into War Memorial Stadium to watch the home-town Bills play the Boston Patriots in an American Football League game. They saw a tumultuous 28-25 tie, replete with all the razzle-dazzle the new league's teams are known for, but the meaningful thing was the awesome attendance. By ignoring the foul, freezing weather and displaying such single-minded fervor over the game,

the crowd was saying much about the state of AFL football.

Of all the new leagues that have sprung up in the past few years, none excites as much fuss and bother as the AFL. Controversy has followed it since it was founded in pique three years ago by Lamar Hunt and Bud Adams, a pair of young Texas millionaires who had sought a National Football League franchise. In the eyes of some fans the hastily formed AFL was—and still is—a second-rate outfit afflicted with cast-off players,

Buffalo holds first-place Boston in tie and keeps alive little hopes alive before huge home crowd.



HAVE MADE IT

Pro football's new league confounds its doubters. Better teams, bigger crowds and fancy play now add up to a successful future for the AFL. by ROBERT H. BOYLE

wobbly financing and bullheaded owners. To others it is an exciting underdog that shows promise of not only matching but overhauling the NFL. Whatever the arguments, the facts about the AFL have been largely obscured by home-town chauvinism, bias, rumors, gossip and just plain bum dope.

Last week *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* correspondents around the country reported on the AFL and its teams. The conclusion: big crowds like the one in Buffalo fairly indicate something team owners

have long and loudly contended in public but only in recent weeks believed themselves—that the AFL really has a future. On the brink of dejection a year ago, a majority of the owners are now optimistic. Says one of them: "Until this season, there was always a question in my mind about the league surviving. Now I'm positive it will go. For any one who wants out, there are at least six who will take any franchise available."

In short, the league has turned the corner. Four teams have a good chance

to make a profit for the first time, two will lose money (but less than they lost before), and two will take a beating. These last two, Oakland and New York, are problems. Oakland has a weak team and a horrible attendance; New York has the same, plus Harry Wismer.

But, despite Oakland and New York, the AFL is doing well with the fans. Total league attendance is up roughly 25% over a year ago, and this is making allowance for the phantom customers that some teams still use to pad out crowd

continued



totals. "Why, we've already had turn-away crowds this year," says Commissioner Joe Foss, sounding as if not even he believes it. "That's something we never had before." The TV ratings have jumped. The American Broadcasting Company calculates that the viewing audience per game this season is 13 million, an estimated 4 million more than last year. Indeed, if the network's figures are accurate, the popularity of the AFL has increased while that of the NFL has decreased. This season each club will get some \$200,000 from the network, a sizable figure in itself, but one owner says it will double by 1965.

The AFL is growing stronger on the field, too. "The first year, quite frankly, all the teams could hardly wait to get players cut by the NFL teams," says William Sullivan, president of the Boston Patriots. "That situation no longer exists. I'd venture that our league hasn't taken more than 15 or so players cut by the NFL this season." In this year's College All-Star Game, points out Joe Foss, the AFL had six offensive and six defensive starters, one more than the NFL. Twenty-three All-Stars were AFL property, 29 NFL. "Remember," Foss adds, "our proportion is much better than theirs because our rookies are spread among eight clubs, while theirs go to 14 teams." Last December energetic AFL recruiters signed so many Detroit Lion draft choices that the Lion players burned General Manager Edwin Anderson in effigy.

There are any number of AFL players who would do well in the NFL—Backs Billy Cannon of Houston and Abner Haynes of Dallas (possibly the most exciting runner in football), Center Jim Otto of Oakland, End Lionel Taylor of Denver and Fullback Cookie Gilchrist of the Bills, the league's leading ground-gainer. On a straight team-to-team basis, the best of the AFL probably could now beat the middling-to-poor NFL teams, but not with any great consistency. Give it two good draft years and the added experience, and the AFL should be close to matching the NFL. Right now the NFL is unquestionably stronger, especially when it comes to defensive players. John Breen, Director of Player Personnel for two-time champion Houston, concedes, "Defensively, the NFL has a big edge on us, because defensive backs are toughest to find."

Offensively, AFL teams play a more varied—and far wilder—game. To know-

Photograph by Walter L. Linn



A fullback the NFL would be glad to have: Buffalo's Gilchrist, here kicking an extra point

ing fans an AFL game sometimes looks like a melee between the Marx Brothers and the Ritz Brothers, but league boosters claim the lack of precision adds to the suspense. They may have a point. Two weeks ago in Denver, Buffalo trailed 38-23, with only 10 minutes left. The Bills came on to win 45-38, and, although the weird play would have appalled purists, it so excited Buffalo that Saturday's record crowd ensued.

At present Buffalo is regarded as the top franchise in the AFL. Foss once described it as "the pride of the League," and TV broadcasters, using the hyperbole of their trade, call it "the best city in pro football." However heady the praise, Buffalo, hungry for pro football since the All-America Conference collapsed in 1949, certainly has loyal fans. The attendance has been remarkable, especially since the Bills started off by losing five straight, three of them before their horrified home rosters. Yet the Bills, who must average 24,000 paid admissions a game to break even, have attracted some 160,000 fans for six home games, all but insuring a profitable season.

Reports Correspondent Dick Johnston: "The city has the leading team in the Western Division of the American Hockey League and has a fair college football team, but the Bills monopolize sports conversation. Even when they were going bad—and the college team good—the Bills carried by far the most interest."

The Denver Broncos are also doing well. Last season they were about as welcome in Denver as a blizzard. Their average attendance was only 11,000. This season they have averaged about 27,000 per game. The difference can be attributed to the activities of the club's new president, Cal Kunz, and Jack Faulkner, the new general manager and coach. Faulkner (SI, Oct. 22) has revamped the whole operation, from office decor to pass patterns. "Denver," says Correspondent Bob Bowie, "has clasped the Broncos to its bosom this year. Denverites, who never before mentioned the team, are talking Broncos. Better still, they are buying tickets. If you are looking for a success story, the Broncos are it."

But so are Houston's Oilers. Financial losers in their two championship years, they will probably lose their title, yet make some money. "The progress of the league has been amazing," says Bud Adams. "Take our operation. Last year we sold 6,700 season tickets. This year

our goal was 9,000. But we sold 11,073, a 40% increase in a year. In 1960 we lost \$420,000. We cut this to a \$200,000 loss in 1961. This year we expect to make \$50,000. That's tremendous progress."

Adams now sees no chance of peace or amalgamation with the NFL.

"They realize we've gotten into their candy jar and taken some of the gumdrops out," he says. "They had a dandy little monopoly going. We broke it up, and they didn't like it."

Even the Boston Patriots are into the profit gumdrops, one of the greatest tributes to perseverance since Plymouth Rock. The Pats are not only leading the Eastern Division, they are tops for front-office galle, a necessity for a team that began on a shoestring, and has run on one since. But nothing deters Team President Sullivan, onetime press agent for Boston College, Notre Dame, Navy and the late Boston Braves. Despite the Red Sox in baseball, the Bruins in hockey and the Celtics in basketball, the Pats monopolize a goodly portion of the sports pages from mid-June, when they hold tryouts, to early December. The Boston Chamber of Commerce hustles Patriot tickets all over town, but does next to nothing for the other pro teams. Recently Walter Brown, president of the Celtics and Bruins, got so miffed when a bundle of Pat propaganda arrived in his office that he wrote an angry letter to the Chamber complaining it hadn't done much to "promote Boston's other professional teams, who have been here anywhere from 60 to 16 years."

Solidly "in" with Mayor John Collins, Sullivan used the mayor to line up Harvard's sacred stadium for this year's opener with Houston—on the grounds that the game would "promote the new Boston." A crowd of more than 32,000 showed up, and although Sullivan would have dearly loved to play the whole season there, Harvard President Nathan Pusey was against it. Barred from the Red Sox' Fenway Park, Sullivan retreated again to Boston University field with its 24,000 capacity and unspeakable parking problems. (Just in case Harvard might want to reconsider, however, Sullivan can hope for help from Forrester Clark, a onetime Harvard polo player and a man close to university authorities who, providently, has been appointed to the Patriot board of directors.)

As machinations now stand, Sullivan may not need to infiltrate Harvard. His

latest coup has been to get the Massachusetts legislature to pass a bill for a \$50 million stadium to be financed by a private bond issue. Sullivan's lobbying for this was worthy of *The Last Hurrah*. One of those helping him was Monsignor George Kerr, former All-America guard at Boston College, confidant of Cardinal Cushing and, just coincidentally, State House chaplain. There are some Bostonians who claim they can't decide which is the more surprising: the stadium bill or the fact that the Pats have drawn about 110,000 in five home games. But both questions emphasize the unexpected success of this AFL team.

San Diego and Dallas find themselves in the trying situation of having basically sound franchises, yet trouble with outside problems is changing the hue of their future from rosy to very pale pink. The economy of the San Diego area—resting heavily on the aircraft industry—is weak. Such a town is tough on losers. Unfortunately for Barron Hilton and his Chargers, who took the Western Division championship the last two years, the team has suffered injury after injury and just can't win again. The club has good press support, a lot of crippled veterans and a few so-so rookies. Hard-pressed fans are not going to spend \$3 to sit on a concrete seat and watch the local boys lose. But the Chargers seem to have a future in San Diego. Hilton this week is considering selling controlling interest in the team to a local group that would almost surely keep it there.

In Dallas, Lamar Hunt's Texans have little trouble winning, but they have a definite problem competing with the Cowboys. Clint Murchison Jr.'s NFL team. "It is," says Correspondent Wes Wise, "a foregone conclusion that, until one of them leaves, only one—the team that is winning—can possibly make money. Today both are playing winning and interesting football, though neither is drawing well." But the Texans may make the AFL championship game. If they do, that could give them an edge on the Cowboys. Dallas is wait-and-see, with the emphasis on wait.

The Oakland Raiders face a far more desperate situation. Playing in the shadow of the San Francisco 49ers, the Raiders have drawn next to no one. The latest club formed, they got last choice at the players, and they have been hobbled from the beginning. Last year the Raiders played in San Francisco's Candlestick

continued

Park, where their best draw was 8,000 fans. This year they moved "home" to Frank Youell Field in Oakland, where they opened to an announced crowd of 17,500 that turned out to be 11,000 paid. Since then the crowds, announced and otherwise, have steadily declined. An an-

nounced 9,000 watched their last home game. The paid was really about 6,000. AFL owners, embarrassed by the meager Raider gates, are openly talking of shifting the franchise, but Wayne Valley, a Raider co-owner who was in New York last week for a game with the Titans,

said, "I know of no background for those stories." Still, there is a strong movement to transfer the team to New Orleans or Atlanta. It is significant that, if Valley and his partners want to sell out, they apparently can recoup their losses.

The most serious AFL problem of all,

THE FLASH AND FINESSE OF A DAZZLING 100-YARD KICKOFF RETURN



All alone, but cheered in by the sidelines and with trouble coming up, Elbert Doherty of Buffalo sees his blockers turn inside at the Boston 10.



... wriggles his way through, shakes off a last tackler and scores.



however, is directly across the country in New York City, where *Beyond the Fringe* is the town's newest comedy hit, and the Titans are a little beyond *Beyond*. Titan Owner Harry Wismer can antagonize anyone within shrieking distance. Sportswriters, who used to knock him, now ignore him. Several AFL owners, who prefer not to be identified,

would be joyous if Wismer sold out, and Bud Adams says, "Frankly, I'd like to see a change in ownership in New York. Harry Wismer is likely to lose \$600,000 to \$500,000 this year, and I don't know how much longer he can go on. But as long as Harry is fulfilling his obligation to the league, there's nothing we can do."

Wismer says, "If Bud Adams wants to

make a statement, fine, and when he gets here we'll knock his brains out. I'll make my statement later, and it'll be very interesting. I'm going to have a lot of fun with people if statements are printed. I've got news for you—I don't lose suits."

Wismer's behavior can be extraordinary. He recently appointed his wife, Mary, president of the club and modest-

continued on page 54



He cuts sharply to the left to follow his interference, seeming to swerve straight into the clutches of the pursuing Patriots, but...



TWO ON A SEESAW OVER BOXING'S SNAKEPIT

LOOKING HIS SALEFUL BEST, RAY COHN COMES TO COURT (BELOW) SEEKING ONE MORE DELAY IN THE SUIT JACK FUGAZY HAS BROUGHT

Harv. Schapiro



Young Roy Cohn is being sued by old Jack Fugazy for a mere matter of \$132,000, but the story behind the suit involves the kind of intrigue that has made a mess of prizefighting

by ARTHUR MANN

AGAINST FEATURE SPORTS FOR AN ACCOUNTING OF ITS FUNDS

One night in late 1959 Lawyer Roy M. Cohn and Travel Agent William D. Fugazy Jr. were sitting in the Steak Club, which is owned by one of Cohn's clients, Sherman Bellingsley. They were having fun together, as they often did. But their ears pricked up when, at the next table, they heard a group lamenting the low estate to which prizefighting had fallen after the first Patterson-Johansson fight at Yankee Stadium. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and, concurrently, investigative agencies of New York City and New York State had uncovered a mess involving several varieties of chicanery and the presence of Mobster Tony (Fats) Salerno

continued



in the fight's promotional background. The bemoaners longed aloud for the return of a respected promoter like Humbert (Jack) Fugazy, a successful boxing impresario of the 1920s whose record \$461,789 gate for the Berlenbach-DeClancy fight in 1926 has never been equaled by light heavyweights. And Jack Fugazy was the uncle of Bill Fugazy, sitting there alongside Cohn with his ears ablaze with inspiration.

In no time Cohn and Bill persuaded Uncle Jack to put them into boxing, a field of investment play they had not yet discovered. Jack was old but vigorous. Cohn was young, most widely known for his work as investigative counsel for Senator Joe McCarthy, but already an impressive wheeler-dealer in corporate finance. Bill was one of the inheritors of his grandfather's travel bureau, which his mother controlled.

The elderly Jack dusted off his prestige and reputation—no trouble at all in a New York that still remembered him favorably for many good fights. Jack set up a den for the boys to buy the sullied promotional remains of Rosensohn Enterprises, a corporation that was jointly owned (on paper) by the ill-starred Bill Rosensohn and Vincent Velella, Tony Salerno's East Harlem lawyer. The corporation had liabilities from the Patterson-Johansson upset, but it also had a million dollar asset: first call on the two heavyweights for a return match.

In late October, Rosensohn and Velella changed the corporate name to Feature Sports and sold out. Cohn and Bill Fugazy were in business, and took full command. Uncle Jack became executive director at \$300 a week and was promised one-fourth of the profits.

Feature Sports, under Cohn and Fugazy, promoted the second and third Patterson-Johansson fights, which attracted 50,000 paid admissions and grossed \$1,315,564 at the box office alone. But somehow the books of Feature Sports reflected no commensurate return. Even before taxes, profits were reported as a meager \$181,241.26 on Feature Sports' first promotion, an astonishingly meager \$9,608.11 on the second. Old Jack got little or nothing out of the fights.

In August of 1961 Jack Fugazy decided to sue. He asked \$132,173.82 as his promised one-fourth share of the promotions and contested the profit figures put forth by Cohn and his nephew Bill. Perhaps by coincidence, Feature

Sports became inactive about this time.

Roy Cohn did not. He organized Championship Sports, Inc., but for reasons never disclosed Bill Fugazy was not officially recognized as a member of the new corporation. Instead, Cohn's law partner, Tom Bolan, and Bolan's brothers, Al and Pat, appeared as minority stockholders. The firm's first promotion was the Patterson-McNeeley fight last December 4 in Toronto; its second was the Patterson-Liston fight in Chicago, September 25.

While these two bouts were being arranged, Jack Fugazy's suit was still pending. Cohn managed to arrange a series of delays. But Jack wasn't the only one interested in the accounts of Feature Sports. The U.S. Government was also studying its books. Those books will be brought into New York Supreme Court this week under subpoena by Jack Fugazy. What they reveal is startling.

According to Cohn's law firm—Saxe, Becon and O'Shea—Jack Fugazy's claim of profits is groundless and the corporation (Feature Sports) is both penniless and beset by other suits. Proof of no funds was offered through Laventhol, Krekstein and Co., a New York accounting firm which prepared a consolidated balance sheet showing deductions of \$76,250.66 for legal fees, \$82,440.60 in travel expenses, \$72,926.89 for "gifts and entertainment" and \$107,200 for "administrative salaries." All of these sums were deducted from the Feature Sports gross of \$1,315,564, along with the fighters' pay and incidental expenses, to produce the low combined profit figure of \$190,841.37.

Most of the summer just past was required to get behind these figures. If the account books are displayed in court they will show that the legal fees were paid to Saxe, Becon and O'Shea; the travel expense money went to Bill Fugazy's travel bureau, and the administrative salaries were paid largely to Cohn and Bill. (For example, each drew \$2,000 a week "salary" for one period of 13 weeks.)

The defense of Jack Fugazy's suit is a problem shared by Cohn and Bill Fugazy, but Cohn has other troubles from which young Fugazy—as far as the record shows—is exempt. Last week word was about that the Internal Revenue Service will now release less than 15% of

the \$3 million or so it confiscated from proceeds of the Patterson-Liston fight, the most recent of Cohn's boxing promotions. The rest will remain in deep freeze indefinitely, pending completion of the Government's examination of all tax records of individuals and corporations connected directly or indirectly with the fight promotion.

This would be a severe fiscal blow to Cohn. His Championship Sports went into debt to promote the Patterson-Liston fight and expected to receive about \$950,000—\$250,000 from the live gate and \$700,000 from ancillary rights, to be paid, by prearrangement, over a period of 18 years, to save taxes. But after meetings in the 62 districts of its nine regional offices the Internal Revenue Service moved last week to release enough of what it seized to satisfy labor liens and pay assorted bills incurred by the corporations involved in the fight. Some \$200,000 already had been paid out by Internal Revenue from the many caches of funds deposited under levy in more than 250 locations the morning after the fight. A like sum has now been promised in a matter of days. After that, nothing, until the intelligence divisions of each region, and the auditors, have found out who owes how much to whom. This may take a long, long time. In the end, Floyd Patterson, for losing his title, and Sonny Liston, for winning it, may be paid in pennies.

Whether he is in or out of Championship Sports, Bill Fugazy is still involved in an active business association with Roy Cohn. However, relations between the bosom companions have been strained lately. One reason is the remarkable adventures of the Fugazy Travel Bureau. In the summer of 1961 Cohn offered Bill an apparently stunning deal for Bill's family-owned travel bureau. In the end the deal turned out to be very stunning, though not in the pleasant sense of the word.

The Fugazy Travel Bureau was launched in 1870 by Bill's grandfather, Louis, of Piedmont, Italy, as a steamship service and private bank. When Bill's father, Italo, died in 1937, the travel bureau was booking business in excess of \$3 million a year. By the end of 1961 young Bill had pushed the annual bookings up to \$17 million.

Bill had been trying to persuade Montgomery Ward, the mail-order house, to co-ordinate its advertising and

office facilities into a big push on the package-tour business. Apparently the deal was held up because, in Montgomery Ward's eyes, the travel bureau—despite its major bookings—was undercapitalized. Cohn solved that. Cohn was part of an investment syndicate that had purchased effective control of Tower Acceptance Corporation, a Houston small-loan company that had 21 loan offices in Tennessee, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina and Texas. What recommended Tower to the Cohn syndicate was its \$3.5 million in accounts receivable. Shortly afterward, changing its name to Tower Universal, Cohn and his associates bought up another small-loan outfit, Louisiana Discount, and the combined assets gave Tower \$7 million to play with.

With this, Cohn made his offer to Bill Tower would take over the travel bureau as a wholly owned subsidiary and give Bill shares in Tower in return. With Tower's capitalization, the Montgomery Ward problem would be solved and the travel business would boom. Tower would sell package tours through the mail-order catalog and lend folks the money to take the tours. It couldn't miss.

There was only one hitch: Bill couldn't deliver the Fugazy ownership to Roy without his mother's consent. Under a codicil in Italo's will, Irene Fugazy was in control. Bill solved that problem. With his brother Lou's help, he persuaded his mother to sell out to Cohn. The deal went through on October 1, 1961. In exchange for the Fugazy Travel Bureau its owners got 55,000 shares of Tower, then quoted at \$11.25 a share on the American Stock Exchange. It was a \$600,000-plus deal, and the Fugazy interests were promised an additional 95,000 shares if they produced in excess of a specified profit for Tower before September 30, 1963. Bill was named president of Tower's Travel Bureau subsidiary. Tower representatives moved into the travel operation. Business boomed, and the bookings went to \$35 million. Other things began to happen, too, not all of them so encouraging.

Frederic H. Brooks, a young stockbroker and Columbia University graduate ('36), joined Tower in 1961 and soon became vice-president and treasurer. He was, in fact, Cohn's favorite career man. On October 19, Brooks was to deliver a report to the directors of

Tower. One of its highlights was the success of Tower's travel subsidiary, as far as gross bookings was concerned. That division had grossed the aforementioned \$35 million, most of it from the Fugazy operation. What wasn't so good, the report went on, was the profit from President Bill Fugazy's operation. In this best of all years, the profit was so low that Brooks reportedly recommended that drastic changes in management be made. As



A COHN PROTEGE. Fred Brooks, went to the hospital after being assaulted by Bill Fugazy.

Brooks was reading his report to Tower executives in the office of Board Chairman David B. Chase—a constant copartner in Roy Cohn's multicorporate activities—Bill Fugazy burst into the office, swung his attaché case and connected smartly with the chin of his young detractor. Freddie Brooks went down with a broken jaw. Bruised and bleeding, Brooks was helped to his feet. He returned to his office, where he collapsed. Then he was taken to Mount Sinai Hospital for emergency treatment, including treatment for concussion. Brooks remained in the hospital, on a no-visitors basis, for 10 days, one of the least publicized business maneuvers of the year. There was no police report on the incident.

Bill Fugazy apologized profusely

and abjectly for being the first president of a company ever to swing his attaché case in anger. The apology was received coolly, and Bill's job security may be impaired. If so, he might reread *Jack and the Beanstalk* and reflect on how, against his mother's wishes, Jack sold the family cow for a mess of beans. The Fugazy equity, represented by 55,000 shares of Tower at \$11.25 a share, has shrunk drastically. Tower was quoted recently at \$4.75 a share on the American Stock Exchange and still hovers around that low price. Bill's personal holding of Tower shares was worth more than \$250,000 a year ago. Today the shares have a market value of a little more than \$100,000.

These are sad days for Roy Cohn and Bill Fugazy. The stock market is treating them like enemies. They are being sued. An insidious pincers movement seems to be tightening around them.

At the moment Cohn is confronted by an immediate new trial date for Jack Fugazy's suit. On October 31 he managed to get a fifth postponement, to November 8—moving Fugazy's attorney, Joe Monica, to remark: "Roy Cohn specializes in delays." Monica, Jack Fugazy and Fugazy's witnesses had appeared in New York Supreme Court promptly at 9:30 a.m. for trial. Neither Cohn nor any other representative of Feature Sports showed up until 10:30, when a Cohn emissary ran in and asked for postponement. Cohn, it seemed, had decided he would try the case himself despite the fact that he would surely be an important witness, and he was busy trying another case elsewhere in the building. Monica objected. The judge instructed the emissary to tell Cohn there were other competent lawyers in his large firm who could handle the case and that there was no reason for further delay. At 11:30 Cohn appeared. He tried a straight plea for postponement and failed. He raised his voice and accused the judge of prejudice. That succeeded. Cohn got a week and a day of grace.

Old Jack, at 75, is somewhat bewildered by all that has happened since he agreed to do his nephew a favor, but he counts on ultimate vindication in court. "Cohn is hoping to delay this trial long enough for me to die," says Old Jack. "Well, I won't. I will live long enough to see my nephew and Roy Cohn get what they deserve."

END

THE BIGGEST GOLF HUSTLER OF THEM ALL

With unflagging zeal and a keen eye for the new buck, a young attorney named Mark McCormack is making Palmer, Player and Nicklaus into the world's wealthiest athletes **by ROY TERRELL**



In all the days of their glory, Ben Hogan, Sam Snead and Byron Nelson among them sacked up slightly more than \$2 million in prize money and fringe benefits—glittering testimony to the advantages of clean outdoor living and the overlapping grip. Two million is an untidy sum, even in these days of inflated purses, and none of the three needs worry where his next pair of alligator shoes is coming from. Yet it must occasionally occur to Hogan, Snead and Nelson to sorrow over the fate that dropped them into this vale of cash too soon, for, during 1962 and 1963, three other golfers will make more money than Hogan, Snead and Nelson made in 30 years. They are Arnold Palmer, Gary Player and Jack Nicklaus, who may soon have to abandon their present playing affiliations and register out of the Internal Revenue Service instead. For this, all three are eternally in debt to a precocious genie named Mark Hume McCormack.

No sport, least of all golf, has ever seen the likes of Mark McCormack. A tall, blond young man of 33 with the expression of an indignant owl, he is nominally the attorney for Palmer, Player and Nicklaus. In actuality, he is also their booking agent, investment counselor, tax consultant, publicity agent and one-man licensing corporation. In one guise or another he handles all of their contract negotiations, exhibitions and endorsements, creates and operates more than two dozen corporations in which they are involved, keeps their books, plans their itineraries, answers their mail, pays their bills. Most of all, he makes them rich. If Palmer, Player and Nicklaus do not become the first millionaires in professional golf, it will be only because Sam Snead beat them there and what it took Snead the major part of a lifetime to accomplish McCormack's three clients will have attained virtually overnight.

McCormack is a golfer of no small skill himself, having qualified for the National Amateur four times, but his primary contributions to the partnership are a sharp, incisive legal mind and an overpowering compulsion to convert his hot three into cold cash. The services that he renders have all been performed before, but always for celebrities in other fields, and never have the various offices been so coordinated under one man. With such positive control over the financial affairs of the three best players in the game, McCormack has been able to demand—and obtain—for his clients a kind of payment for television appearances, exhibition matches, instructional articles and the endorsement of products unheard of before.

"We have stopped giving these things away," says McCormack. As a result, he is on the verge of changing the economic structure of an entire profession. To the touring pro in search of a fast buck, Mark McCormack must look like the greatest thing to hit golf since the \$100 Nassau.

continued

ALWAYS IN A HURRY, even during a tournament, McCormack waits impatiently with even-temperated ease for a second to end.

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Arnold Palmer is the best example of what McCormack hath wrought. By the end of 1959, Palmer was already considered one of the great players. He had won the 1958 Masters and seemed uncontested heir apparent to Hogan's crown as No. 1. By existing standards he was also a prospering young man. He was under contract to Wilson Sporting Goods Co., with a guarantee of \$6,500 a year. He received between \$750 and \$1,000 for an exhibition match. He could pick up \$50 or \$100 any time that he decided to turn out a tip or instructional article. Endorsements brought him free golf shoes, free golf shirts, free slacks and free underwear for his wife. Including prize money, Palmer's total income for 1959 amounted to something like \$59,000. This was far less than Ted Williams and Stan Musial were making out of baseball and would hardly have kept Eddie Arcaro in silk suits and big cars. But then tournament golf was never supposed to produce instant millionaires, only a comfortable living for the handful who could scratch their way to the top, and Arnold Palmer, apparently, was already there. Then McCormack came along.

This year Palmer has won over \$80,000 in tournament competition, but, for the Palmer of today, tournament golf is only a means to an end. His total 1962 income, from all sources, will approach half a million dollars—and this is only the first, tentative assault on the mother lode. "We are just getting started," says McCormack, "yet I'll tell you how big this thing has already become. Arnold Palmer could quit playing golf right this minute, never win another tournament, and, for the rest of his life, he would be a very rich man."

The published annual income figures of \$400,000 or \$500,000, however, make McCormack wince. "They didn't come from me," he says, with a glance in the direction of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. "I really have no idea what Arnie—or Gary or Jack—will earn in 1962. Let me explain why."

"Every time Arnie wins a \$10,000 tournament now, he gets to keep only about \$1,500. Taxes get the rest. He commands \$4,000 and up for an exhibition—but seldom accepts a flat fee since this, too, means playing for virtually nothing. Instead, almost everything we do is predicated upon the realization,

not of salary, but of corporate income.

"For example, Arnie owns 75% of a company that will gross \$50,000 this year. He owns 20% of another company with a much larger income. He has a stock option in a company whose value will increase by \$300,000. He is involved in another venture that should guarantee him a quarter of a million dollars over the next 10 years. But none of this is in the form of salary. So when people ask what Arnie will make this year, I tell them that I don't know, because I don't. I can't even tell Arnie. But I can give him a not worth statement that is fantastic, and I'll tell you this: in 1963, Arnold Palmer's net worth will increase more than the combined earnings of Hogan, Nelson and Snead in any one year. Before taxes."

As a result of McCormack's efforts, this capitalistic club swinger is incorporated from his shoelaces to his ears. There are so many corporations that three of them—McBrook Enterprises, McTodd Enterprises and McDallas Enterprises—are named after McCormack's two toddling sons and their year-old Dalmatian dog. The Arnold Palmer Golf Exhibitions, Inc. promotes and sponsors all his exhibition matches, handling publicity, tickets, parking, concessions, everything. The host club gets a guarantee or a percentage, the corporation pockets the rest.

"ABC's Challenge Golf, the new television series that we are filming now," says McCormack, "has been called the most lucrative TV contract ever entered into by a sports personality. In addition to the prize money that Arnie receives, Worldwide Productions, an Arnold Palmer-controlled corporation, is co-producer and part owner of the show. The Arnold Palmer Putting Courses, Inc. should be the most profitable golf venture per dollar investment ever conceived. The Palmer-Player world tour is a gold mine; it's promoted and sponsored by Palmer-Player Productions, Inc."

"Arnie has just signed a contract with Sunstate Slacks, a Florida firm, to turn out a line of Arnold Palmer clothing, a venture that will run for at least 10 years, may run for 30 and should produce more than \$1 million for Palmer. As you may know, we tried to buy up Arnie's contract with Wilson, which doesn't run out until October 31, 1963. We offered them substantially more money than they could possibly expect to realize from the

continued

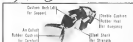


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BIGGEST HUSTLER

association, but they turned us down. The reason we were anxious to get out of this contract was because of our desire to get the Arnold Palmer Company rolling right away. The Arnold Palmer Company will introduce a line of clubs and related golf equipment that—well, the financial returns from this venture are going to be fantastic."

McCormack has also made certain that Palmer receives adequate compensation—deferred, when possible—from a list of manufacturers, publishers and sponsors as long as Arnie's muscular right arm, ranging spectacularly from Lincoln-Mercury to Coca-Cola. But more than that, McCormack has found ways to make money where only space existed before.

He has, for example, formed Palmer Associates, Inc., an insurance agency designed to service the insurance needs of those companies and corporations which are formed in Palmer's name or with which Palmer becomes affiliated. "Sunstate Slacks, for example," says McCormack, "has to buy insurance from someone—why not Arnie? The Sunstate commission alone should mean \$5,000 per year." There is also Palmco, an investment company set up as a receptacle for any overflow funds and, perhaps best of all, All*Star Industries Corp. "A wealthy New York golf fan, a member of the garment industry, wanted to do something for Arnie," says McCormack. "He asked where Sunstate was going to get its material. We didn't know. 'Well, let's sell them an Arnold Palmer fabric,' the man said. So he put up \$250, Arnie put up \$187.50 and I put up \$62.50, and we incorporated. He took 50% of the initial stock, Arnie took 37½% and I got 12½%. Some time later additional stock was sold for over \$100,000, leaving the initial investors owning slightly over two-thirds of the company. Arnie, the garment manufacturer and I had an equity of \$75,000—and we hadn't produced a yard of fabric. The entire deal was fantastic."

Although the fabric business did not prove to be terribly profitable, the association did. All*Star Industries Corp. turned to selling and distributing a line of golf gloves now worn by 90% of the pros on the PGA tour.

Fantastic is the word for Mark McCormack. Few people have actually seen him in the past two years, including his wife and kids back in Pepper Pike, Ohio,

and there is some danger that without ever really materializing he will vanish into legend in a puff of smoke, probably formed by burning federal reserve notes.

McCormack is, ostensibly, a junior member of a very large and respected Cleveland law firm, Arter, Hadden, Wyckoff & Van Duzer, but troubled souls seeking to rid themselves of creditors, wives, or neighbors who dump crabgrass clippings across the fence seldom find him in. Operating out of a suitcase and a telephone booth, subsisting on six hours of sleep a night and a diet of coffee, cantaloupe and shrimp, McCormack has traveled to the Bahamas, Jamaica, Japan, the Philippines, Australia and 33 U.S. cities, including Honolulu once and Manhattan 28 times, in a little less than a year. A trip to South Africa and Southern Rhodesia lies just ahead. The result has not only ensured the solvency of Palmer, Player, Nicklaus and United Airlines, it threatens to project McCormack himself into a tax bracket formerly occupied only by Cary Grant and U.S. Steel. At the time he took over the affairs of Palmer, McCormack was earning less than \$10,000 a year, driving a 1954 Ford and living in a \$130-a-month apartment. Today by virtue of the minimum 10% he extracts from every Palmer-Player-Nicklaus deal—and sometimes his interest is much higher—McCormack drives a Lincoln Continental convertible, lives in a \$100,000 home, and can anticipate an increase in his net worth of approximately a quarter of a million dollars in 1962. "This is only the beginning," he says. "I keep expecting the Continental to turn back into a pumpkin," says his wife, Nancy.

McCormack was touched by the magic wand in the spring of 1960. Until then, by his own admission, he was a golf nut who happened to be trying to practice a little law on the side. He had met Palmer, briefly, while a member of the William and Mary golf team in 1951. "We had a match with Wake Forest," says McCormack, "but fortunately someone else had to play Arnie that day. At the end of five holes, our man was even par—and three down." The two didn't meet again until McCormack had finished Yale law school, spent two years teaching military law to MP officers in Augusta, Ga., and gone to work for Arter, Hadden, etc.

"I was playing a lot of golf," says McCormack, "and a friend and I formed

this booking agency to help some of the pros line up exhibitions. I guess Fred Corcoran was looking after Snead but most of the others were on their own. It worked out pretty well and after a while some of the players began to come around and ask for advice. "Look, Mark, you're a lawyer," they would say, "how about helping us with some of these endorsement contracts?" There wasn't much to it, I was amazed that no one had been performing this service before. Anyway, one of the golfers was Palmer. One day, early in 1960, before he won any of his big tournaments that year, he asked me if I would be interested in representing him on an overall basis. So I went to the law firm and asked them if that would be all right. They were hesitant, but eventually they said O.K. It meant quite a bit in legal fees to them, of course. And that's the way it began."

Once the possibilities began to open up, McCormack was off, and all that first Palmer, then Player and finally Nicklaus have had to do is keep swinging—and watch the money pour in. Originally McCormack's agreement was to handle Palmer exclusively, but he is a man with an acquisitive instinct—it makes him nervous to see money just lying around when clients could be earning it. Spotting the potential in Player long before anyone else, he couldn't resist. McCormack received permission from Palmer to add another to the stable, and in the fall of 1960 he moved in. At the time the little South African was virtually unknown in America despite his second-place finish at the U.S. Open in Tulsa in 1958 (he had won the 1959 British Open but the British Open is important to Americans only when an American wins). Soon after signing with McCormack, Gary Player won the 1961 Masters; in '62 he won the PGA and tied for the Masters.

As for Nicklaus, he belonged to McCormack even before turning pro.

"This is very important," says McCormack. "Jack was the first golfer to have an agent before becoming a professional, so he was able to start out right. I want to make one thing very clear. Everything I have I owe to Arnold Palmer. He's the greatest golfer in the world and I could never have accomplished these things with anyone else. He is also

my best friend. But Arnie is 33, while Gary is only 27 and Jack—well, you have to remember that Jack Nicklaus is only 22. With the way golf is booming now, what he might accomplish before he is through is unbelievable. Fantastic."

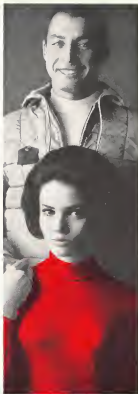
Nicklaus had won the National Collegiate championship, the National Amateur twice and finished second and fourth in the Open as an amateur. But no one was willing to bet that he would step right in and start taking the pros apart. Except, perhaps, McCormack. What Nicklaus has done, of course, is to win the Open (in a playoff with Palmer), win the \$50,000 first prize in the World Series of Golf (beating the only other two competitors, Arnold Palmer and Gary Player, by four strokes), and earn over \$100,000 in prize money his first year on the tour.

As a result, Player and Nicklaus are incorporated like a German munitions firm, too: International Golf Exhibitions, Ohio Golf Exhibitions, Sports Syndicate, Inc., Plumatic Associates, Inc., etc. Gary also drives a Lincoln, drinks Coca-Cola, wears Pleetway clothing and Footjoy shoes, plays First Flight clubs (America) and Slezenger clubs (elsewhere), swings with Golfpride Grips, flies Sabena Airways, publishes through Prentice-Hall and eats raisins (at \$400 a month) furnished by the California Raisin Advisory Board. "The blokes out there heard that I liked raisins," Gary says, "and now they send them by the ton. If I keep this up I'm going to turn into a bloody raisin."

Nicklaus, in less than a year under McCormack's tender care, contributes his name and fame and swing—and his back and lungs and feet and even his arm pits—to Liggett & Myers, Revere Sportswear, MacGregor, Slezenger, Mennen, Simon & Schuster, Buick, General Time watches, Glaser Brothers slacks, United Shepleined Clothing and much, much more. The contract with MacGregor, a division of Brunswick Corporation, was signed before Jack turned pro, a privilege for which Brunswick is rumored to have gambled a quarter of a million dollars. McCormack will neither confirm nor deny the figure, only terming the contract itself revolutionary. Also fantastic.

In all negotiations, the controlling figure is McCormack: politely firm, thoroughly demanding. From such meetings, the party of the second part frequently

continued



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emerges feeling like a man who has had his pockets packed just before being hit between the eyes with a two-iron. At first Palmer tried to sit in. "Some of those early sessions were gassers," says McCormack. "Arnie would get very upset. He didn't understand all the legal gibberish, he didn't understand why I had to be so insistent. Arnie doesn't like to see other people upset. As a matter of fact, I don't think that he completely understands the system yet. But now he leaves everything to me. I still take each deal to Arnie or Gary or Jack for approval, but none of them sits in on negotiations anymore."

Like most men who have converted a brilliant idea and uncommon energy into sudden success, McCormack often wishes that he could let go of the tiger's tail. "I'm making more money than I ever believed possible," he says, "but I don't have time to enjoy it. The house is wonderful—except that I'm never there. I built it right across from the country club, and I haven't played a round of golf there this year." He once saw three or four movies a week; now he considers himself fortunate to see three or four a year. His record collection gathers dust.

"It's not really so bad," says Nancy McCormack. "except that we don't see him much anymore. And even when he's home, he's restless. He took Father's Day off to spend with the boys. He went out in the backyard and pushed Breck and Todd in the swing for half an hour. Then he came into the house and looked at me. 'What do I do now?' he said. I sent him off to the office."

"The important thing is that he is making a success out of something that means a great deal to him. These first two years have been kind of wild, I'll admit, but I believe that everything will begin to settle down now."

"I'm not so sure," says McCormack. "I have some ideas that—well, we'll see. Anyway, I'm having a great time. I've always loved to travel, and here I am traveling all over the world. I mix socially with people I once only read about, celebrities from show business and government and finance and sport. And who do I play golf with? The three best golfers in the world, Arnold Palmer, Gary Player and Jack Nicklaus. When you stop to think about it, this whole thing is fantastic."

When you stop and think about it, it really is.

END

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THE PLEASURES OF SUMMER IN SOUTH AMERICA

The calendar reads November everywhere on earth, but in South America November marks the beginning of the summer season out of doors—not a shuttering-up for winter. In Buenos Aires jacaranda trees shower the bridle paths of Palermo Park with purple blossoms; *asado* vendors roast great sides of beef over open pits beside the River Plate. It is calving time on the Argentine pampas, and swarms of yellow butterflies flutter above ripening wheat. At the popular seaside resorts of Viña del Mar on the Pacific and Mar del Plata on the Atlantic, summer's first bathers flaunt summer's first suntans under the crystal chandeliers of the world's largest casinos. The game *dorado* has spawned and lies full of fight in the rivers of Uruguay and Paraguay. The Amazon flows, enriched by the melted snows of the high Cordillerras and the spring rains of the tropical lowlands, 3,900 miles to the sea. River steamers paddle between the modern port of Belém and the 19th century rubber capital of Manaus through the heart of the Brazilian rain forest, passing between walls of lianas strung with orchids and filled with shrill *continued*

MAP BY JOHN ALCOCK

monkeys and jungle birds in bright mating feather. It is the season for hunting the lean, tawny jaguar, the fierce black buffalo. In Surinam, formerly Dutch Guiana, to the north on the Caribbean, early-arriving blue-winged teal, fat from the harvest fields of Saskatchewan or Nebraska, settle on the marshes of the Maroni River.

In Peru, in Ecuador, in Colombia and Venezuela, fiesta follows fiesta. Whether honoring a coffee queen or a saint, in this corner of South America where Spaniard first met Inca a fiesta is not a proper fiesta without the best bulls from Mexico and the best matadors from Spain. When Antonio Ordóñez fights in Lima next week, a true *limeño*, it is said, would hock his mistress, if need be, for a *barrera* seat in the shade. December's "Fiesta on the Equator," a bullfight fair honoring Jesús *el Gran Poder*, begins with a running of the bulls, Pamplona fashion, through Quito's flower-decked streets. In Quito, 9,200 feet above the equator, there is perpetual spring—South American seasons are determined by altitude as much as by latitude. Down on the Peruvian coast, swordfish and sailfish, tuna and marlin—black or striped or blue—ride the cool north-flowing Humboldt Current. At their own Waikiki, Peruvian surfers ride the Pacific's long rolling waves, the equal of the best at Makaha. Down the narrow land of Chile, 2,000 miles to the south, the season is open on some of the world's best trout fishing in a string of lakes nestled at the foot of the Andes.

Until now South Americans have had this vast cornucopia of summer riches principally to themselves. To that most peripatetic of voyagers, the U.S. tourist, a familiar figure in the most out-of-the-way parts of the world, South America has remained as mysterious and as remote as the far side of the moon. Of the 1.5 million U.S. citizens who traveled overseas last year, only 177,000 visited South America. The main reason for this poor showing is lack of knowledge: only two countries, Colombia and Surinam, have any sort of tourist information bureau within the U.S. (South America's highly publicized neighbors in the Caribbean have flourished mightily from the more than half a million U.S. spenders who now visit them annually.)

The resistance to travel in South America caused by ignorance of its attractions is compounded by an uncertainty as to the kind of welcome the casual *norteamericano* may receive from *latinos*. Most people remember that they stoned Richard Nixon in Caracas, and there is a too-general impression

that revolutions are always as imminent as earthquakes. The truth of the matter is that a private U.S. citizen in any South American country is welcomed with unusual politeness and friendliness. In the summertime, when the streets are full of corner cavaliers practicing the art of the *pirapo*—an extravagant verbal appreciation of a lady passerby's charms—some visitors may find the natives too friendly. "Do you dare to look with those eyes?" a classic *pirapo* goes. "You will burn your lashes!" In Lima last week an attractive blonde from Texas complained to a policeman that a man had just insulted her—he had said that she looked like a queen in tights. "But, señorita," said the policeman with admiration, "you do look like a queen in tights."

The official government attitude toward the United States is more formal but no less cordial. The Cuban crisis shook down the hemisphere's fence-sitters, and all the members of the Organization of American States—which includes every country in South America—backed President Kennedy's stand. While there still is heard an occasional cry of "*Yanqui go home*" as an ink bottle splatters on a U.S. Embassy building, such disturbances are the work of isolated leftist groups and represent no menace to the private traveler.

The jets have halved the time it takes to reach South America, and the fare is the cheapest, mile for mile, in travel. Even the sleepest countries are opening their eyes to that U.S. tourist dollar—the \$2.6 billion spent abroad in 1961 strengthened many shaky economies. Panagra reports an increase in passenger traffic this year of 17% over 1961 and predicts a doubling of traffic by next year. The steamship lines have 81 sailings scheduled during the current cruise season—Grace Line, which is adding three new ships in 1963, is increasing its passenger capacity 25%. This could be the summer that South America's *mañana* becomes today.

—FRED R. SMITH

Turn the page for drawings of primitive South American sports, still played today. This is followed by a 12-page portfolio of photographs of a South American summer. And, on page 60, by a traveler's guide to the best hotels, the fascinating food, shopping and sport. The Canada Cup matches, being played in Buenos Aires this week, are previewed on page 66. And, as a bonus, Richard Llewellyn sings the saga of *el gaucho* on page 86.

ANCIENT SYMBOLS OF PRIDE AND VALOR

Although the most popular South American sports were imported from Europe and the U.S.—soccer, baseball and horse racing—there endure, particularly in remote villages, traditional games which are either indigenous or curiously adapted from foreign models. These have been perpetuated by Andean Indians and coastal mestizos and Negroes. Some of the games are pure sport, others are symbolic. “In these games, no matter how cruel or violent,” says Artist Domenico Gnoli, “I was impressed by the valor of men trying desperately to prove to themselves and their women that centuries of misery had not abated their pride.”

Before the *corrida de condor*, Peruvians from Paruro dig a pit in the mountains, covering it with branches and a dead donkey. They wait in the pit, sometimes as long as 48 hours, for a condor to alight. The bird, captured by hand, is force-fed beer, then tied to a bull's back. Drunken villagers make clumsy, hazardous passes until the bull collapses from exhaustion and from wounds inflicted by the condor. The bird is then set free, with ribbons tied to its wings—a symbol of freedom triumphant over brute force.

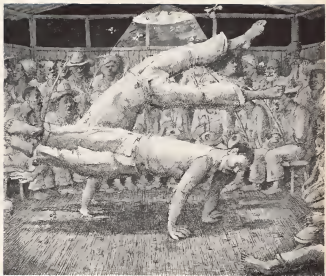




Quichua Indian boys in Peru chase partridges barehanded across the hills near their village. More than a game, it is a test of maturity. Each boy selects one bird to pursue. If he catches it he is accepted as an adult, if not, he must wait until next year.



Capturing a greased pig (above) is a market-day sport in Latin America. *Capoeira*, in which opponents knock each other down with foot blows (right), was brought to Brazil by Angolan slaves. When banned by the Portuguese, who couldn't master it, it was disguised as a dance. Nowadays kicks are simulated and *capoeiristas* perform to guitar music.







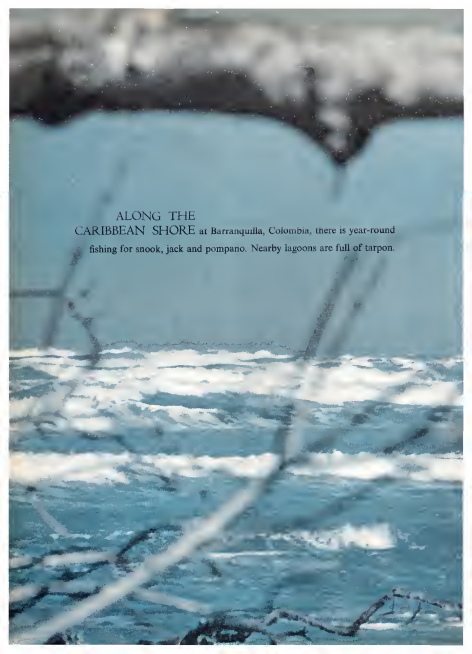
When Pizarro's troops were stationed in Peru after assassinating the last Inca, Atahualpa, and conquering his empire, they invented *pelota de guante*, or glove tennis, a primitive kind of squash. First, however, they invented the rubber ball. They tossed the solid gum ball using their shields like rackets. *Pelota de guante* is still played in Quito, Ecuador. Four-man teams violently fling and bat the ball to each other, the object being to keep it in the air and in bounds. The game is not only dangerous, it is a show of strength: a *pelota* weighs 15 pounds, a *guante* 50.

A CONTINENT MADE FOR SPORT



From tropical Panama to the cold, windblown land of Tierra del Fuego, South America stretches down 4,750 miles of jungle, desert, mountain, plain and sea. Its rugged, bold and varied terrain provides a setting for some of the world's best sport, as shown in these photographs by Jerry Cooke. Here the Pan American Highway, destined eventually to connect Fairbanks, Alaska with Cape Horn, runs down the coastal desert of Peru past the high, rolling dunes, which have become famous for sand skiing.





ALONG THE
CARIBBEAN SHORE at Barranquilla, Colombia, there is year-round
fishing for snook, jack and pompano. Nearby lagoons are full of tarpon.





HIGH
ABOVE LA PAZ, skiers from Argentina, Bolivia and the U.S. start the climb
to the 18,300-foot summit at Chacaltaya, Bolivia, the world's highest run.



AGAINST
HAZY PEAKS and beneath poincianas that make Rio's Gavea the most
beautiful course in South America, four U.S. golfers play the 4th green.





UNDER A
CHILEAN VOLCANO a party of Santiagans fishes Lake Villarrica for the
big, brawny brown trout that are the special quarry of an angler's summer.







ON A QUIET DECK,
BY A CROWDED SHORE, life on the water begins in November. Peaks called Adam
and Eve are landmarks of a Rio sail. At Mar del Plata, Argentina's most popular beach,
cabanas crowd the sand and 12,000 people crowd the world's largest casino each night.



A TRAVELER'S GUIDE TO SOUTH AMERICA

Ten airlines now fly jets to South America from the U.S. A 45-day first-class excursion ticket costs \$950 from New York, and first-class passengers are truly pampered on the 12-hour flights to Buenos Aires. Less luxurious, but one of the best buys in travel, is the round-South-America economy flight to B.A. (\$599). On this ticket one can visit every major capital on the continent, traveling 12,340 miles. Pan Am jets fly along the east coast from New York to B.A. three times a week. Panagra flies the western route to B.A. six days a week. BOAC has three weekly flights to Lima, stopping in either Nassau or Jamaica. KLM flies three times a week from New York into Caracas via Curaçao. Vang has jet flights to Buenos Aires from New York three times a week, from Los Angeles twice a week. The round-trip Los Angeles flight costs \$1,336 first class, \$736 economy. Aerolineas Argentinas jets fly from New York to B.A. three times a week via Trinidad and Rio. Braniff goes down the west coast of South America and back up the east five times a week; Delta flies from New Orleans to Caracas twice a week, stopping in Montego Bay, Jamaica. Viasa flies to its home port, Caracas, and Avianca to Bogotá four times a week from New York.

Grace Line, Delta, Moore-McCormack, Argentine and Swedish-American all have cruises to South America. Moore-McCormack's "Carnival in Rio" cruise on the S.S. *Banal* sails 13,698 miles starting Feb. 1 for 38 days, \$1,620 minimum. The new *France* has a Caribbean cruise that touches Rio at carnival time (Feb. 23-26 this summer). Minimum rate is \$1,080 for 25 days starting Feb. 15. Swedish-American's *Grayskull* will make the complete circle of South America on a 45-day cruise leaving New York Jan. 18.

Minimum rate is \$1,525, double occupancy. Cruising can be cheaper. Alcoa Steamship Co. has a jungle cruise from Trinidad through the rivers of Surinam (six days for \$125) which can be taken in conjunction with their freighter cruises from U.S. ports, and indeed by anybody who happens to be in Trinidad on the right day. Travel agents have all cruise and flight schedules.

ARGENTINA

The Plaza Hotel in Buenos Aires is well located and luxurious (\$11-\$12.50, double room with bath, without meals, plus the high 24% service charge imposed by all hotels and restaurants). **Sports:** In Argentina the horse is king, and in addition to flat racing there are gaucho rodeos, polo and polo (a kind of basketball on horseback). For personal riding, El Salto Riding School near Palermo Park rents horses for a minimum charge of \$1.10 per hour; for golf there are half a dozen good courses (see page 66). Panagra's office will help you acquire guest cards.

In Mar del Plata, the gambling and beach resort 250 miles south of B.A., there are more than 200 hotels. The Provincial (from \$7.20 double, European plan) is right next to the casino but fronts on the most crowded beach in the southern hemisphere. The Tourbillon and the Hermitage (\$10.70 and \$15.70 respectively for a double room with meals) are more attractively situated. One can make a trip to the ranches at Chapadmalal and Ojo de Agua, where these two famous breeds of Argentine racehorses originated. Near Bariloche on Lake Nahuel Huapi 820 miles southwest of B.A., the well-known L'iao-Liao Hotel (\$15.70 double, with meals) has charming rooms, rather pretentious food. The Tanqueten is also recommended (\$12.80 double, American plan). The Cu-

nlen Country Club on the other side of the lake takes nonmembers (\$11.30 double, American plan) in November, March and April—the best fishing months anyway. To taste the local trout and salmon one must catch them—the hotels are not allowed to buy them commercially. Bariloche is in the mountains and cold; take a heavy sweater and a raincoat.

Restaurants: Beef is the staple, and it is eaten fresh, not aged. In B.A. less than \$2 will buy a steak-salad-red-wine lunch at La Gücya, a typical Argentine restaurant. There is a pleasant place in Palermo Park called El Rosedal del Lago. Try baby beef at La Tablita or Corrientes Once (dinner for two, with wine, \$5-\$7). The word *paradiso* on a menu means broiled meat, and it comes with *chimichurri*, a sauce composed chiefly of hot red peppers and garlic. *Ackara* includes, among other innards, the intestines of the cow, interesting fare for the adventurous. When you tire of steak, there are satisfactory French restaurants (Le Coq d'Or, Le Bec Fin, Goyo—about \$6 for a meal for two, with wine). A pleasant Italian restaurant is called Spadavecchia. The Plaza Grill, one of the most fashionable restaurants in the whole of South America, serves a superlative egg dish called Huevo Popo-risky and excellent pepper steak. **Night life:** The nightclubs in the Olivos quarter have gardens stretching down to the River Plate. An evening at the Alder (dinner with wine followed by three Scotches) will cost about \$6 per person.

Liquids: Tap water is drinkable in B.A., but watch what goes into a San Martin (Martini), locally brewed gin is dreadful. Argentine wines tend to be rough and earthy, and Argentinians drink Chilean wines when they get the chance. But Viña

de Orfina, a red Cabernet, is quite all right and so is Bancha's Chablis, both local products.

Shopping: Pedro Mayorga is good for handbags of canvas and *jacaré* (two relatives of the crocodile) ranging from \$30 to \$90. Vieuela and guanaco throws that will adequately cover a queen-size bed (\$130-\$170 for vicuña, \$50 for guanaco) can be found at Lopez, who will ship. **Souvenirs:** There are gaucho dolls, gaucho knives (they have embossed silver handles and make good steak knives), gaucho hats in black felt for men.

BOLIVIA

The Crillon Hotel in La Paz (\$9 double, European plan) has friendly but slow service. There is only one restaurant worth leaving the hotel for: a large brasserie-type place called the Daquin (avoid the drink of the same name). Draft beer (called *chopp* all over South America) is cheap (20¢) and good, and so is imported Scotch (60¢). Food is not Bolivia's strong point, but the Daquin, where dinner costs \$5 for two, can provide delicious trout and an adequate *paradiso* (mixed grill). The avocado pears and the pineapples (*palmito* and *plano*) are at their best in November. La Paz has an extremely dark bar, the Carousel, where one can dance to records and drink from phosphorescent glasses.

Sports: The skiing season is from September through June. The Club Andino Boliviano of La Paz rides up to Chacaltaya every Sunday in buses. Guests are welcome for a small charge (\$4), and lunch is provided in the ski lodge. Just bending down to fasten one's skis makes one dizzy (the ski lift reaches 18,300 feet). It is impossible to rent equipment, so bring your own. The train ride to Lake Titicaca for salmon and trout fishing is one of the world's most spectacular



Saucer-shaped soccer stadium in Rio seats 155,000, stands another 50,000

journeys. Lake Titicaca is a rich source of early Inca relics, and it is possible to skin-dive for artifacts. However, the lake is two miles above sea level, and diving into it is rather like diving into a freezer. There is an overnight boat trip from Guaia in a 66-passenger British ship (foren 1900) to Puno in Peru (\$15). There the train trip to Cuzco, at about 11,000 feet, is a breathtaking day's experience, even literally—not for the faint of heart.

Shopping: Silver is an excellent buy; the craftsmanship is not as fine as in Peru, but it is much cheaper. The Joyeria Suere is a good source. The Pelerteria Santiago is the best place for alpaca and vicuña (a vicuña throw generally costs about \$50, depending on quality, bargaining expected). Vicuña is protected in many countries. Be sure you have a certificate of origin before you take your vicuña across a South American border.

BRAZIL

Rio's Copacabana is a cheerful, highly democratic beach, with good hotels. The current favorites are the Trocadero (\$6.50–\$7.50 double, European plan) and the Ouro Verde (\$7.50–\$9).

Restaurants: Brazilian food can be very good indeed. Try the Churrascaria Gaucha (about \$5 for two). The specialty is the *churrasco*, broiled meat. Taste the *farofa* (roasted manioc flour) with which Brazilians accompany their meat. Bahianinha is an-

other place with typical Brazilian dishes, such as *tapioca*, a peppery concoction of fish, shrimp and manioc. Draft beer is first-rate and so is the coffee, if you like it strong.

Night life: There are plenty of dark little bars and boîtes which begin to show signs of life around 11 p.m. Sacha's, the best-known, gets the fashionable crowd; Fred's is a supper club; Drink is a bar with dancing; and Night and Day has the best show.

Shopping: The best buys are semiprecious stones. It is much cheaper to have them set in Brazil, and takes four or five days. A huge topaz will cost about \$20–\$100, an aquamarine \$50–\$2,000, depending on quality.

Sports: Rio has 16 extraordinary beaches, and there is plenty of skin diving in Guanabara Bay and nearby Angra dos Reis and Cabo Frio. The Gavra Golf and Country Club (card can be arranged) has one of the most beautiful courses in the world. There are good fishing and hunting in the highlands near Rao (boar, duck, water hen, even alligator). West Virginian Charles A. Cabell, Brazil Safaris Ltd., Caixa Postal 390, Copacabana, Rio de Janeiro, can arrange hunting and fishing trips and also safaris. This is a good time of year to hunt the black buffalo on Marajo Island, near Belém in northern Brazil. Belém, at the mouth of the Amazon, offers the Hotel Grande (\$5 double, European plan). There is

a good restaurant, the Malocco, which serves regional dishes (try the *povo ao rapado*, a duck specialty). In the Belém market there are snakeskins, alligator skulls and teeth, curious pottery, tropical fruit, dried Amazonian fish. To see the jungle at close quarters one can take a boat trip to Manaus in an old wood-burner without creature comforts. The passenger eats his *feijão* (black beans, dried meat and rice) with captain and crew. Brazil, outside of Brasília, Rio, São Paulo and Salvador, is a rugged country, and tourists who want to see everything shouldn't be too delicate, either.

CHILE

The best hotel in Santiago is the Carrera-Hilton (\$9.50–\$11.50 double, plus 21% tax, no meals), with a swimming pool and a solarium on the roof. Tennis, golf and swimming are all available in and around Santiago. There are two racetracks.

Restaurants: The best are Charanda, a garden restaurant with Italian food; Sarao, a colonial farmhouse serving Chilean dishes outdoors; Escorial, which specializes in *parill* (about \$10 for two, with wine, at all three). Children seafood is excellent, and so are the wines. Two good red wines are Concha y Toro's Santa Emilian and Carmeen's Miraflores; a recommended white is Santa Carolina's Estrellas. Santiago is a formal city, and restaurants and bars do not serve men in shirtsleeves or sport shirts.

Women should remember not to wear slacks or shorts in town (this applies to all South American cities except beach resorts).

Shopping: Chalean Arts for native rugs, half-ponchos, pottery; a good place for copperware is Fortunato Raveros.

Sports: Chile's great beach resort is Villa del Mar, about 90 miles from Santiago. The Miramar (\$9.50–\$11.50 double, plus 21% tax, no meals) is open all year, has private beaches and swimming pool (the sea is often quite cold). The Casino is world-famous. There is racing every Sunday at the Sporting Club, and the Chilean Derby will be run on Jan. 27. There is good golf. The ski season is June through September in Chile, and the great summer sport is freshwater fishing. This is reached by overnight train from Santiago (very punctual and comfortable) or by DC-3 (Lan-Chile). Near Pucón, one can fish Lake Villarrica and the Trancura and Limicura rivers. The Hotel Antemall has 18 double rooms, each with its own pine-log fire, and quite good food (\$36.90 per day, double, with meals, tax included). Try for a room facing north. Going south, the new Rainbow Fly Fishing Club (same as the Peru's Cuzco Blanco Club) is located near Pangapulli, fishes the Enco and Fai rivers. Rates are \$16 a day with meals, and non-members are welcome. For further information write Room 1616, 267 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

(continued)

COLOMBIA

Bogotá's newest and best hotel is the Tequendama (\$13.25-\$16.25 double, European plan).

Restaurants: The Monserrate Rooms in the Tequendama usually has one native dish on its menu. A typical example: *ajíaco de pollo a la Colombiana*, a chicken stew spiced with oregano. La Pampa is an Argentine restaurant serving steak. Dinner for two with guiso meste at La Zambra costs about \$15.

Shopping: Emeralds are the great thing, and it is best to buy them at the federal bank, where they are cheaper. U.S. duty on unset emeralds is only 4%.

Sports: There are many golf courses, polo matches, horse racing Sundays. The big bullfighting month is February. Barranquilla is the great hunting and fishing center. The best hotel is El Prado (\$12-\$15 double, European plan). There is deep-sea fishing from November through January, and spin casting and lagoon fishing all year. The Touring Club de Colombia, Apartado Aereo 42-13, Bogotá, offers eight days hunting jaguar in the upper Amazon River basin for \$995, including round-trip transportation from Miami (minimum of four). Colombian Safari Ltd., Apartado Aereo 460, Barranquilla, offers a 14-day special for \$1,500 (minimum of two). Colombia is one of the two South American countries with a tourist office in the U.S. (the other is Surinam), at 608 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

ECUADOR

Quito, practically on the equator, has a year-round spring because of its altitude (9,200 feet). The spectacular Hotel Quito (from \$10.50 to \$18 double, European plan) is very close to the Golf and Tennis Club. The hotel has a casino. The Mesón Andalus serves excellent Spanish food, and the restaurant of the Colón Hotel is very good. Quito is a good place in which to shop for

modern art (try Painter Guild).

Sports: The season at Playas, Ecuador's smartest beach resort, is January through March. The Hotel Humboldt (\$12 double, American plan) overlooks the Gulf of Guayaquil. There is swimming from the vast white beaches, and guests have full membership in the Shangri-La Golf and Country Club. Guayaquil, Playas, Salinas and Manta are springboards for excellent deep-sea fishing (April-Dec.). The Galápagos Islands (650 miles from the coast) are reached by ship from Guayaquil. One must sleep aboard, but there are inns on San Cristóbal for food. The Ecuadorian jungle contains, among other things, 150 varieties of hummingbird, jaguars, anteaters, tapirs, pumas and vampires. Safaris can be arranged through local travel agencies.

PARAGUAY

Only the superb gamefish, the *akowá*, could lure the sportsman to Paraguay at this time of year (the average maximum temperature is 94°, and it rains hard, too). Dedicated fishermen may write to Sportsman Tours, Oliva 667, Asunción.

PERU

Lima's 350-room Gran Hotel Bolívar charges \$16.70-\$19 for a double room, European plan. Don't accept a room on the streetcar side. The Lima Country Club, a topflight hotel with 150 rooms, tennis courts and swimming pool, is 10 minutes from town. Rates are from \$14.75, European plan.

Restaurants: Peru has really good food—the best in South America. Las Trece Monedas recreates the Spanish Colonial atmosphere in an 18th-century mansion (dinner for two, about \$12). Peru's favorite fish, the Pacific corvina, is prepared here a la Cholonera, with onions, tomatoes, herbs. *Corvina* is also the basis of the famous *cereche* (\$1, Jan. 25, 1960). Peruvians eat their bay scallops (*cochinos*) on



Rio's Jockey Club has conserved roof sculpted of reinforced concrete

the half shell like oysters, with a squeeze of lemon. Two typical restaurants are Rosita Rios and Karamanduka, where you eat hot, spicy dishes to a guitar accompaniment. When you tire of the 270 edible fishes found in Peruvian waters, there is always Chinatown. There is barely any wine in Peru: all the grapes are made into *pisco*, the national drink. Try it straight as a change from the *pisco sour*.

Shopping: The alpaca rugs and blankets woven by the Peruvian Indians are beautiful, hard-wearing and cheap in large blanket costs \$20 at El Chasqui after bargaining, and they will ship it home). Ancient Peruvian-Indian pottery, textiles and masks can be found at Roma. Silvana Prints sells linens and cottons with typical Peruvian designs in bright, clear colors. They make rather good beach shirts.

Sports: Just 600 miles north of Lima is the Cabo Blanco Fishing Club, with a year-round season. Every known Pacific game species, except for the wahu and the allison tune, is there for the taking. Accommodations and meals are \$35 a day from November to May, and boats are \$125. Safaris

start at Iquitos, on the Peruvian Amazon basin, where the Tourist Hotel (\$14 double, without meals) has eight air-conditioned rooms and 16 others. Amazon Tours, Jiron Lima 265, Lima; Amazon Service, Calle Pebas 150, Iquitos and Universal Travels, Jiron Arica, Lima, take care of jungle trips. They promise *pawle*, a 300-to-400-pound river fish, and alligator, jaguar is not so sure. In Lima itself you can find almost any kind of sport: horse racing and cockfighting on weekends, boxing, soccer, polo, bullfighting. Lima has two excellent 18-hole golf courses and two tennis clubs. The Warlicks and Kostka Clubs have excellent surf-riding (boards can be arranged). At Pismayo, about an hour out of Lima, one can ski down the towering dunes (ordinary skis are used). Lima's National Museum of Archaeology has the finest collection of Inca and pre-Inca treasures in the world, and no traveler should miss the trip to Machu Picchu.

SURINAM

Of the three Guianas, Surinam is the best arranged for tourism, with a tourist bureau at 10

continued

Some people pass it up
because it looks too expensive



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SOUTH AMERICAN GUIDE *continued*

Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y. The Surinam Toranca, in Paramaribo, opened last July with 80 air-conditioned rooms (\$19-\$23 double, European plan, and \$10 a day per person for meals). It has a pool, a casino and gardens full of orchids. The population of Surinam includes Creoles, Hindus, Indonesians, Bush Negroes, Amerindians, Chinese and Europeans, and the cuisine is correspondingly varied. Try the *pou* (a Creole chicken pie) at the Palace Hotel and the Indonesian *rijsttafel* (\$8, Aug. 24, 1959) at the Vervuert. Dinner in Paramaribo is about \$7 for two.

Sports: The rivers are full of huge *kwakwie*, kubfish, piranhas. There are tapir, jaguar, wild duck and deer waiting in the jungle. The Surinam government is building airstrips and fishermen's guesthouses. The first of these, at Stockmans Island, is now ready. The CeTeCe Travel & Tour Bureau in the Toranca and the Surinam Travel & Tour Bureau, Weidestraat 47, Paramaribo organize fishing and hunting trips. Guns and tackle can be provided, and the cost is around \$85 a day.

URUGUAY

The best hotel in Montevideo is the 400-room Victoria Plaza. A double room, European plan, costs \$15-\$20, plus 26% service charge. Also recommended is the new Columbia Palace, with

150 rooms (\$8-\$10 plus the 26% for a double, without meals). Closer to the beaches are the Parque Hotel on Ramirez Beach, with a casino, and the Hotel Casino Carrasco on Carrasco Beach, 12 miles up the coast. The Parque charges about \$16 a day for a double room, European plan, 18% service added. The Carrasco opens only during the season, Dec. 8 to March 24 (\$20 double, European plan, plus 15%).

Restaurants: The Golf Club is the fashionable place for lunch. Chichilo's is lively and Italian (the owner will sing an aria if you ask him). The Aguila has wooden paneling and *pawso* (a local soup, almost a meal in itself). The check for two ranges from \$5 to \$10, plus a service charge of 22%.

Sports: There is golf at the Montevideo Club, which has a championship course. Horse racing is on Thursdays and weekends. Cattle roundups are held at nearby *estancias*, and a visit is easily arranged through a travel agent. There is *desova* fishing at Rincon del Bonete on the Rio Negro, at the Fray Bentos Fishing Club and at Salto Grande near the Argentine border. Accommodations are pleasant and cheap (about \$5 per person per day) in a ranch-style guesthouse. The lush South Atlantic coast of Uruguay has about 50 resorts strung along the 200 miles between Monte-

video and the Brazilian border. There is deep-sea fishing all along the coast for shark, pompano, Atlantic codfish (a kind of sea bass), bonito. At Punta Ballena you will find a charming modern hotel, the Solana del Mar, where a double room with meals costs from \$20 to \$30 plus 25% service. The most famous of the resorts is Punta del Este, a completely informal place where women wear slacks even to the casino. A man wearing a tie would be run out of town. Accommodations are at a premium in the summer. The nicest place is the Cantegrel Country Club, which takes transients (\$21 for a double room, European plan). At Punta del Este comes the best chance to get out of the steak rut. The fish is almost jumping with freshness. The Manskonca Restaurant makes a specialty of the tiny, succulent clams of the region (a meal for two costs from \$7 to \$10). El Mejillon, a cafe in the center of town, serves plates of mussels cooked in white wine.

Shopping: Antelope bags, gloves and coats are of excellent quality in Montevideo, and very reasonable. A full-length woman's coat costs about \$40. Notria fur, which makes marvelous linings for both men's and women's coats, is a good buy. For men there are well-made buckskin shoes (\$20) and sweaters of native wool in sophisticated colors for \$8 to \$13 at Adam.

VENEZUELA

Carracas is a swinging Caribbean city. The 400-room Hotel Tamunaco charges \$18.50 a day for a double room, European plan. Dining is dear (about \$20 for two) in the many good restaurants: El Jardin, Hectór, Quasi-modo, Monseigneur, Paprika, Tarnlundie (for steaks grilled on open-air spits).

Night life: The city has plenty, and it's all expensive. (Let's face it—nothing is cheap in oil-rich Venezuela.) Try Mon Petit Bar, which has a good twist combo.

Sports: The best month to watch bullfights is January. At Los Corrientes Club on the last weekend of each month there are bull-tossing contests, where riders compete in tossing a bull by the tail. In February the Sheraton-Macuto is scheduled to open in Macuto (20 miles from Carracas) with 400 air-conditioned rooms, an enormous private beach, two pools, golf privileges, deep-sea fishing (from \$14 double, European plan). Isla Margarita's season is January through March. The place to stay is the Bella Vista in Poralmar (\$20 double, American plan). There is superb swimming, fishing and pearl diving.

There are no agencies in Venezuela to organize safaris, but a few private-plane owners will, for a fee, take explorers into the jungle near Ciudad Bolívar and then wait there good luck.

—PAMELA KNIGHT



The streamlined indoor paddock at Caracas' La Rincosante is work of Argentina's architect Arturo Frischknecht.



When the bough breaks

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THE CANADA CUP, LATIN STYLE

Argentina, the Scotland of South America, plays host to the 10th annual International Golf Championship, in which teams of the world's best pros compete for little money and much prestige

In the springtime climate of Buenos Aires two-man teams of golf professionals representing 34 countries are meeting wedge to wedge this week in the 10th International Golf Championship—an event more commonly, if confusingly, known as the Canada Cup. The scene of the action is the flat, tree-strewn and venerable Jockey Club course which, with the neo-Tudor architecture of its clubhouse and the Warwickshire look of its landscape, is sure to remind many of the professionals of the countries they have left rather than the one they have come to. At stake are a small amount of money, a sizable gold cup and a very large amount of international prestige.

It is thanks to the latter, of course, that some extremely busy athletes were willing to ignore not only the Cuban crisis but the military upheaval that has

muddled Argentine politics for some six months—a tank battle was recently fought 13 miles from the first tee—to make the long South American safari. It is 11,000 miles round trip from La Trobe, Pa., to pick a town at random.

Representing the U.S. this year are Sam Snead and Arnold Palmer (*see cover*)—Sam for the eighth time, Arnold only for the second. The quality of their opposition has seldom been much better. Competing for their own countries are U.S. PGA Champion Gary Player (South Africa) and two former British Open winners, Peter Thomson and Kel Nagle (Australia), to say nothing of a dozen or so others whose names have become internationally famous largely because of their performances in this very event in years past.

As tournament time neared, golf-con-

scious Argentina was suitably impressed with the quality of the field to which it was playing host. "Even if a revolution does start," said one Buenos Aires golfer recently, "my bet is that a truce will be called so the generals can come to see how Palmer handles his army."

While rarely expected to supply lessons of this nature, the Canada Cup has become an established event of world importance in a relatively short time. Sponsored jointly by the International Golf Association, Pan American World Airways, Inc., American Express Company, General Dynamics Corporation, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and the host country, it now is a \$150,000 golf tournament. Prize money amounts to only \$7,500, but each player receives a \$500 honorarium, his food, lodging, caddy fees and round-trip air fare, the last being a big

item this year, since 700,000 miles of travel are involved.

Yet despite the tournament's present size and prestige, its character maintains such a freshness that it is surprising to reflect that the matches are now a decade old. The first was held in Montreal in 1953. Arnold Palmer, then 23, was still some 150,000 strokes away from his present position as the Field Marshal of Golf. He was in the Coast Guard, and his biggest title was the Pennsylvania Open. Sam Snead, at 41, still had some hair on the top of his head, and Gary Player, 18 years old, had hardly started his career in professional golf.

The first International, staged at Montreal's Beaconfield Country Club, was an unimpressive bit of business. Fourteen players representing eight countries (one pair played as a combined South Africa-England entry) were on hand. They were there at the invitation of John Jay Hopkins, the late president of General Dynamics and founder of the IGA, for what was regarded as little more than a leisurely golfing weekend. The tournament was held in Canada and was called the Canada Cup because the General Dynamics Corporation happened to be opening a new plant north of the border and viewed this as a sound piece of public relations.

The format was—and has remained—simplicity itself. Each competitor's total score is added to that of his countryman's to determine the team total. Argentina, on the strength of Antonio Cerdas's 140 for 36 holes and Roberto de Vicenzo's 147, won the first tournament by 10 shots with a score of 287. The U.S. entry of Julius Boros and Jim Turnesa (the 1952 U.S. Open and PGA champions, respectively) finished fifth, 17 shots back. If the U.S. had won, the Canada Cup event might have ended then and there. But the fact that it lost—thoroughly—awakened golf followers to the idea that the sport was by no means a U.S. monopoly and that international team play could be exciting.

In 1954 the tournament was stepped up to 72 holes, and 25 nations entered teams. It and the 1955 renewal were extremely successful, but it was not until 1956 that the tournament really earned its place as a major sports event. That was the year that Ben Hogan, still smoldering from his harrowing near-miss at the U.S. Open (he finished a stroke back of Cary Middlecoff), vanquished Wentworth's famous "Buisson Road" course before some 30,000 awed Brits. Hogan

continued



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at the
first sign
of a cold
take...



GOLF continued

shot a magnificent 277 as he and Sam Snead came from behind in the last 18 to win team honors for the U.S. In addition, an obscure Japanese pair named Hayashi and Ishii shot 68s in the last round to put Japan in a fourth-place tie with England, an unexpected and eminently overlooked development.

At the 1957 Canada Cup the Japanese were about as easy to ignore as an Oriental typhoon. Hayashi and Ishii's performance at Wentworth was merely the prologue to an almost legendary golfing adventure for Japan. That year the Japanese played host in what will stand, until the 1964 Olympic Games at least, as the biggest international sports event ever held in the Far East. The Japanese not only hosted impressively, they won impressively, too. Roly-poly Pete Nakanuma and Kocchi Ono took the cup for Japan, an upset roughly equivalent to having Sonny Liston flattened by Ponce King-petch. Nakanuma also won the individual trophy, beating Snead and his likes, a success that threw Japan into a golfing frenzy from which it has not yet recovered. Since then the U.S. has regained some of its prestige, and now has four Canada Cup wins, compared with two for Australia and one for Argentina, Japan and Ireland.

If the home team should win again this week in Buenos Aires—an unlikely but by no means impossible occurrence—the Canada Cup would go to the country that is the Scotland of Latin America. The game has been flourishing in South America since 1885, and the professionals it has developed are teaching at golf clubs throughout the hemisphere. In 1927 the first British pros played in some Argentine tournaments and were amazed at the high golfing standards they found. In 1929 England's Henry Cotton, approaching the peak of his career, found Argentine opposition so rugged that he declared it was "the third-ranking golf country in the world," presumably behind Great Britain and the U.S. In 1931 a colorful Argentine pro, José Jurado, missed winning the British Open by one stroke. In 1934 Gene Sarazen and Joe Kirkwood first brought the tournament-tough U.S. version of the

game south, and by 1941 even Sam Snead and Jimmy Demaret (yes, the same pair that won last year's Canada Cup in Puerto Rico) had come south for an exhibition tour.

In addition to an old and devout golfing tradition, Argentina has, in Buenos Aires-born Roberto de Vicenzo, one of South America's most popular athletes. He will be playing in his eighth Canada Cup match. De Vicenzo is an amiable, broad-shouldered, muscular man of 39 who, Latin style, is as frisky as a dancing bear when things are going well for him on a golf course but as solemn as a St. Bernard when they are not. He is one

of the longest hitters in the world, but his putting complaints, apparently genuine, would make a list fully as long as one of his tee shots.

At the Masters in Augusta last spring De Vicenzo even invented a fresh, new way to convince himself what a truly horrible putter he was. On the practice



To the winners, a gleaming trophy

putting green he pulled one of the cups out of its hole and placed it a few feet to one side. From a distance of 15 feet he banged putts against the side of the disc with astonishing regularity. "Look," he groaned to an amused bystander, "when cup is on top of green I can make ball hit every time. But now look. When I try to make ball go in hole, will it go in? Never!" Sure enough, the ball never would.

Despite this defeatist approach to his work on the greens, De Vicenzo has won the Argentine Open five times and the Open championships of 10 other Latin American and European countries. He has had five strong chances to win the British Open, finishing third four times and second once. In 1957 he led the U.S. Open with nine holes to play, but shot a final 43. "I lose head," he said later. "Then I lose lead."

Some day soon happy Roberto may finally break through to win a major golf championship. In the meantime he makes an ideal Canada Cup competitor and host. While certainly not meaning that he does not try his best, De Vicenzo has said: "Sometimes it is better to make friends than to win tournaments." That's what the Canada Cup's founders had in mind.

END

Young blood sets the Red Wings flying high

An influx of youth and the rebirth of some oldsters have made Detroit's hockey team the surprise of the current NHL season

It just didn't make sense. After a full month of play, the Detroit Red Wings—almost universally touted to finish no better than fifth—were still skating along undefeated in first place. They had no business looking so good.

After all, the Red Wings finished in fifth place last year, missed the Stanley Cup playoffs and distinguished themselves only by setting an all-time club record for the most goals ever allowed in a season. Yet here they were on top and—except for a handful of rookies—with many of the same players. Behind the bright red locker room door in Detroit's Olympia Stadium last week (after shutting out the Rangers 4-0) even the players were happily shaking their heads as if trying to figure out what was going on.

At least a partial explanation was the marvelous goal work of oddtimer Terry Sawchuk. Once the outstanding goalie of the league, Sawchuk had declined in recent years to the point where he seemed overdue for the minors. But this year, wearing a mask (à la Montreal's Plante) for the first time in his 13 years in the NHL nets, Sawchuk was leading the league with a goals-against average of only 1.3 goals per game and batting away pucks so skillfully that he already has scored a remarkable total of three shutouts.

But there are other factors in the Detroit renaissance beyond Sawchuk's rediscovered brilliance. The names of two of them are Doug Barkley and Howie Young.

"This is the first time I've ever gotten

a decent chance," says Barkley, a fast-skating 25-year-old who languished six years in the Chicago farm system before Detroit got him in a trade. Barkley looks boyish and shy. He isn't. Last week, after absorbing some rough tactics from New York's Bronco Horvath, he responded by knocking Horvath into a heap against the boards and then, without a change of expression, skating placidly over to the penalty box to sit down before the referee had finished calling the foul.

Howie Young is a smoldering, red-cheeked warrior with black hair and a scandalously handsome profile who was thrown off the team last year after 30 games for breaking training, skipping practice and generally misbehaving. He got a second chance this year because

when Detroit put him on waivers no other club would touch him.

Now Howie seems to have reformed. Fortunately, the reformation hasn't taken away any of the peculiar magic that makes him the most electrically exciting young player in the NHL. The crowds in Detroit scream and shiver in anticipation whenever he comes on the ice and scream again when he leaves—reluctantly, with hanging head—for a rest on the bench.

Something still compels Young to collide belligerently at least once during every game with every man on the opposing roster, just as some baseball players must touch third base for luck, but since this habit contributes little to the composure of opposing forwards, it is not discouraged. Howie is among the league leaders in penalties, but his new restraint was summed up by one fan during an angry moment last week as Young helped the Wings shut out Toronto: "Last year he'da socked that guy. Now he only pushed him down." Not even the most sanguine fan, however, could describe Young as inhibited. Once last week he found himself with a broken hockey stick as New York's Veteran Wingman Andy Hebenton bore down on the Detroit goal during a power play. With no weapon at hand, Young simply dove head first into the Ranger, rolling him to the ice in a comic embrace. Howie's only comment about such utter disregard of life, limb and profile: "We're winning games. This is how it should be."

Along with Young's spectacular recklessness, Sawchuk's new infallibility and Barkley's grateful and confident determination, there is a spirit of infectious

continued

BELLAGIOUS HOWIE YOUNG (2) INVOLVES BRUNS IN A CHARACTERISTIC TANGLE



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HOCKEY Continued

success in Detroit this season that has touched every Red Wing player, from the incomparable Gordie Howe to newly elected Captain Alec Delvecchio. This spirit stems directly from a new deal on the coaching-management level that was inaugurated last April when the Detroit owners fired their crusty and outspoken general manager, 67-year-old Jack Adams. Adams had held his job for 35 years, and he had spent much of that time interfering with Red Wing Coach Sid Abel's decisions on tactics and personnel. Promoted to coach and manager in one, Abel, a tall, silver-haired 44, began a series of trades, drafts, purchases and farm club changes that resulted in a total of eight new names on the 18-man Red Wing roster.

"I was concerned about three things," explains Abel. "The goaltending, the need for a new defenseman and someone to increase our scoring."

Abel began by gathering all 77 candidates for his team together on the ice the first morning of training camp last fall. "This will be a new deal for all of you as far as our organization is concerned," he told them. "In 12 days I am going to take the best hockey players I have back to Detroit, and I don't care who they are."

Abel is a man of his word, and his players know it. The scramble for jobs became so heated that fistfights erupted during nearly every scrimmage. Abel boosted morale by making assistant coaches of the only two men who have ever played more than 1,000 games of NHL hockey, Howe and Defenseman Bill Gadsby. He formed a fast-skating third line of young hornets called the Kid Line, built an effective penalty-killing tandem out of speedy Val Fonteyne and warrior-tough Bruce MacGregor and redesigned his offense to capitalize on the added firepower from the points.

"It was the best training camp I have ever seen," said 13-year Defenseman Marcel Pronovost, whose own vigorous return to form is another reason for Red Wing success. What's more, the promise of the training camp has been fulfilled in the season. As he sat in the Red Wing locker room last week pulling on a pair of bright yellow cowboy boots, Howie Young summed it up in a word. "Management," he said thoughtfully. Then, elaborating, "Last year the guys were playing for their jobs. This year they're playing to win."

END



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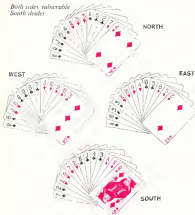


It isn't cowardice to duck

A each game contract is a tidy thing that yields a tidy score. It should be gratefully accepted and handled in the most cautious way. Why is it then that such hands make so many players dream dreams about overtricks—when the result may be a nightmare?

This example comes to me from Allan Truscott, the young English bridge master who played so well for Britain in the last World Championship and who has said he is thinking of moving permanently to America. If he does he will attempt to become one of the few players to represent more than one country in international competition. To date, the only European internationalist to also play for the U.S. is my teammate, Boris Koytchou, who has played for France. Truscott offers here a hand choice that displays quite simply what can happen when erudition overwhelms caution.

Both sides valuable
South cluster



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 H.T.	PASS	24	PASS
2 H.T.	PASS	PASS	PASS

Some hands are not easy to bid because no one bid describes them precisely. South is within the range of a one trump opening because he holds 17 high-card points, and usually a balanced 17-point hand is less troublesome later when it is opened with one no trump in the first place. A doubleton is certainly not enough reason to avoid a no trump bid, but when the doubleton suit doesn't have even a low honor in it, I am inclined to prefer the more natural bid, in this case, one club. However, the final contract would have no doubt been the same.

After the diamond opening lead, South had visions of making 12 tricks with a bit of luck. But, in spite of having a total of 29 points, he wound up with a red face and only eight tricks. Winning the diamond trick with the queen, he led a spade to dummy's jack. West played the 9 as the beginning of a signal to show a doubleton and East ducked. Declarer came back to his hand with another diamond to lead another spade. This time East took dummy's queen with the ace.

A third diamond lead cleared the suit. Declarer went to dummy with the ace of clubs, but the spades failed to split. With no sure entry to dummy, declarer abandoned that suit and put all his hopes on a successful club finesse. His jack of clubs lost to West's queen. West cashed two diamond tricks. South kept the heart ace and the king-4 of clubs, but West had saved his clubs and declarer lost the last trick and his contract.

The key defensive play was East's duck of the first spade. But declarer could easily have made his contract by employing the same strategy. Ducks work both ways. After winning the first diamond, South should lead a spade and let West's 9 hold the trick. No lead, even a shift to the heart jack, can now do him any great harm. He would cover the heart jack with dummy's queen, win the king with the ace and lead his last spade. It will do no good for East to duck this trick; the lead will remain in dummy, and declarer simply continues leading the suit until East takes his ace. The defenders can cash two more heart tricks, but that is all they will take. Declarer wins three diamonds, three spades, two clubs and one heart for a total of nine tricks and the game.

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QUARTERBACK DENNIS CLARIDGE, NEBRASKA'S OFFENSIVE STAR THIS YEAR, LEAPS TO PASS AGAINST MISSOURI

One-half of six is three

There were six of them—Nebraska, Missouri, USC, Washington, LSU and Mississippi—all undefeated, all ranked high among the nation's top teams. Last week they met, three against three. All over the Nebraska campus were stickers that read: "We have not scored on Missouri in four years—let's get a bunch." In Baton Rouge radio announcers filled stations breaks with, "Oh you LSU Tigers, beat Ole Miss." And on the West Coast a Washington lineman named Dave Phillips said grimly: "There's nothing to live for if we don't beat USC." When it was all over on Saturday the Nebraska stickers were

torn to shreds. Baton Rouge announcers were back to reading commercials and Lineman Phillips, presumably, was fashioning a noose. Missouri, Mississippi and USC, the winners, could contemplate even higher ratings and January bowl games. Nebraska, LSU and Washington, the losers, could only ponder their mistakes and dream of what might have been.

None of the three games was really close. USC, winning 14-0, showed surprising running strength against the powerful Washington line. Washington kept four men deep on defense to guard against the passing combination of Pete

Benthard to Hal Bedsole. "When we saw their defense," said USC Coach Johnny McKay later, "we told our kids to run. They ran real well." Coach Jim Owens found it hard to believe. "I didn't figure anyone could run that well against us, but they were cranked up and ready to go." The victory gives USC first place in the AAWU and, almost certainly, a spot in the Rose Bowl.

LSU started out strong, but after Jerry Stovall scored on a short plunge to give his team a 7-0 lead, Mississippi, led by Quarterback Glynn Griffing, dominated the game. The Rebels rolled up an amazing 393 yards against defense-minded

continued

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LSU, scoring two touchdowns and a field goal for a 15-7 victory. It was sweet revenge for Mississippi, which had not beaten LSU in this game since 1957, and especially so since the game was played in the violent crater of LSU's Tiger Stadium, where the noise of 68,000 people yelling "Go to Hell, Ole Miss, Go to Hell" can rattle the coolest of quarterbacks. "We've had our hearts broken in this stadium," said Mississippi's Coach Johnny Vaught after the game. "For once we can go home happy." With only three games left, two against cupcakes, Mississippi seems sure of an undefeated season and a big bowl, Sugar or Cotton.

Nebraska had one glorious moment in its game. Midway through the second period, with Missouri leading 7-0 and threatening to score again, Fullback Noel Martin intercepted a pass in the flat on his own 12-yard line and raced down the sidelines for a touchdown. But Nebraska followers had to settle for that; they never got their "bunch." Missouri took advantage of Nebraska mistakes to score another touchdown and a field goal to win 16-7. "This is the most surprising team I've ever coached," said Missouri Coach Dan Devine. "They keep playing better than I expect them to." Assuming Missouri continues that way, it should win the Big Eight title and go to the Orange Bowl.

Although the defeat was disheartening for Nebraska rooters, the overall season—six wins against the one loss—is cause for joy, for it heralds the return of Nebraska as a football power. There was a time—and if you are 40 you will remember it—when Nebraska was a big bear in college football. Between 1928 and 1940 the team won nine conference titles, most of them under the famous coach Dana X. Bible. But then the war began. Whereas other schools had naval training programs that provided a steady flow of healthy players, Nebraska had none. It began to lose, and when the war ended the losing habit was hard to shed.

The best high school players—coaches call them the blue-chip boys—favored current winners. The team has always relied heavily on out-of-state boys since Nebraska is so sparsely populated (This year's team, for instance, includes players from San Francisco, Chicago and Cleveland, as well as Nebraska's own Eagle, Valentine and Broken Bow.) As the team continued to lose, it became increasingly difficult to attract the out-of-



ACROBATIC THROU. Hal Bedeke goes high to grab top-down pass against Washington.

Wyoming agreed and in 1957 Devaney went west. There, in his first five seasons, he won four Skyline Conference titles. Everyone was pleased and the university's only worry was how to hang on to its coach. It had already lost two good men in the last few years, Bowden Wyatt and Phil Dickens. In 1961 the Wyoming board of trustees and the administration sat down with Devaney and talked things over. Devaney wanted a five-year contract. He got it. He also got the house in which the president of the university used to live. He got an estimated salary of \$16,000 and off-the-record assurance that his contract was really good forever. Devaney was happy. The university was happy. The state of Wyoming was happy.

Six months later Devaney abruptly announced he was leaving to take the coaching job at Nebraska in the higher prestige Big Eight Conference. From all over Wyoming came howls of anger. "If I had my way," shouted State Senator Richard Jones, "I'd keep him there for the full five years of his contract." The senator, however, did not have his way and last February Devaney took over at Nebraska.

What Devaney has accomplished since then is regarded on the Nebraska campus as something of a miracle. Everyone agrees that the coaching staff—Devaney brought most of his assistants with him from Wyoming—is the best organized they have ever seen. When they arrived at Nebraska, Devaney and his men spent hours watching films of last year's Nebraska games. "I hear Paul Dietzel didn't want to look at any films when he went to Army," Devaney said the other day. "Wanted everyone to have an equal chance I'm not that smart." After studying the films, Devaney decided that Quarterback Dennis Claidge could run well enough to use the sprint-out pass-run option play effectively. Claidge has been among the top offense leaders in the country and is one of the big reasons Nebraska has been winning.

Devaney clings to the almost obsolete belief that there is room for humor in football. Last year at Wyoming, on the morning of a tough game against Kansas, he had a magician entertain the team to relieve the tension. Wyoming, a two-touchdown underdog, held Kansas to a tie. This season at Nebraska, the sound of laughter ringing across the practice fields is not unusual. Devaney believes in short workouts and no scrimmaging. "The boys get hit hard enough on Sat-

—ron Soref

state boys. Thus, more losses and a long and dismal snowball.

When the team finished its 1961 season with a record of three wins, six losses and one tie, its sixth straight losing season and 17th since 1940, the university released its coach of the past five years, Bill Jennings, and hired in his place a pouncy, 47-year-old Irishman with thinning gray hair named Bob Devaney. Devaney is not the very model of the modern major football coach, that electric, young go-getter with the military bearing, the bright smile and the glad hand. Devaney's pants are baggy, his coat rumpled. He wears an old pearl stickpin in his tie. His eyes are puffy and flecked with dandruff dot his shoulders. Trudging across the Nebraska campus, he is Willy Lottian, the dying salesman.

Bob Devaney had been an obscure but successful Michigan high school coach for 14 years when, in 1953, Michigan State hired him as an assistant to Biggie Munn and then Duffy Daugherty. "He was a genius at picking out what was going wrong during a game," recalls an associate. "No discredit to Duffy, but the record shows that Michigan State hasn't been the same since Bob left."

It was Duffy himself who suggested to the University of Wyoming that Devaney would make a good head coach.

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urday," he says. When the team runs through kickoff drills, he lets almost anyone try kicking the ball. Recently a big lineman named Bob Browne begged Devaney for a chance. Browne kicked the ball about 20 feet straight up in the air. The team collapsed laughing.

Of course, laughter without victory is a hollow sound, but Nebraska isn't worrying about that at the moment. Devaney has the team back near the top of the ladder, and if it takes a dozen magicians to keep it that way he'll get his dozen magicians, no questions asked. Nebraska's only worry is whether or not Devaney will stick around for another

season. There promise to be several openings in the Big Ten soon, perhaps one at Michigan. Devaney's home state, and coaches almost never turn down Big Ten offers. Devaney says he plans to be at Nebraska next year, but that's what he said about Wyoming. Perhaps this time he means it. After all, he'd love to get another crack at Missouri.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. NORTHWESTERN (8-0)
2. MISSOURI (6-0-1) 3. WISCONSIN (5-1)

The Big Ten, bruised and battered often by outsiders this season, was reduced to shambles by its own members in the most upsetting week in memory. Iowa used Woody Hayes's favorite device, the fullback smash, to beat Ohio State 28-14. Vic Davis, a 190-pound sophomore, split the Buckeye defense with his power bursts up the middle, and Quarterback Matt Szykowsky sneaked through the brainy OSU line for two touchdowns. Prehee was even more embarrassed as it lost to Illinois 14-10. Beaten 15 straight times, the Illini surprised the Boilermakers by putting up a suddenly extra-firm front and harassing them with Mike Talaferro's passes and Ken Zimmermann's darting runs.

Michigan State's running game, the best in the nation, was simply no match for Minnesota's staunch defense, also the best in the nation. Big Tackles Bobby Bell and Carl Eller stocked up the swift Spartan backs and held them to a mere 30 yards. Jim Cairns returned a punt 51 yards, Bill Muncey took a 44-yard pass from Duane Bloska, Jerry Jones and Jay Sharp hammered over from up close and Minnesota won 28-7.

Despite Tom Myers' uncanny aim (16 for 26), good for 243 yards and two touchdowns, Northwestern trailed Indiana 21-20 in the last quarter. Then the Wildcats got busy. Myers' passes ate up some yardage, Bill Swingle pounded the rest out of Indiana's weary line, scoring from the five to win for Northwestern 26-21. Only Wisconsin had an easy time—after the first half Ron VanderKelen threw passes (17 of 25 for 202 yards), Pat Richter caught them (seven for 104 yards), and the Badgers licked Michigan 34-12.

Missouri, 16-7 winner over Nebraska, still has to beat Kansas and Oklahoma to win the Big Eight title. Kansas sprang sophomore Gale Sayers for 156 yards and three touchdowns on the way to an easy 38-0 vic-

tory over Kansas State. Oklahoma, reminding followers more and more of the oldtime Sooners, hit Colorado with four long touchdown strikes in the first 22 minutes, three of them on Quarterback Monte Drees's passes, then went on tolobber the dazed Buffs 62-0. Mourned Colorado Coach Bud Davis: "It was the longest day of my life."

Iowa State thumped Oklahoma State 34-7 as shifty Dave Hoppmann ran for 144 yards, raised his career total to 2,370 for a Big Eight record. Dayton couldn't stop Holy Cross's Pat McCarthy, who passed and ran for four scores, and got beat 36-14.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. ARMY (8-0)
2. PENN STATE (6-1) 3. PITT (4-0)

It was one of those bed-weather Saturdays in the East, but for Notre Dame the sun shone in drenched Philadelphia Stadium. The Irish rushed Navy's sophomore quarterback, Roger Staubach, unmercifully, Daryle Lamonica deftly picked apart the Navy defenses and Notre Dame won 20-12. Lamonica plunged over from the one in the second quarter and, when Navy went ahead 12-7 after recovering a fumble on the one-yard line in the last period, he threw a 45-yard scoring pass to Dennis Phillips. Minutes later, he dove over from the one again.

The elements were even more inhospitable at Penn State, where the Lions and Maryland had it out in a raging snowstorm. State's Rip Engle, knowing he had to stop Dick Shiner's passing to win, stationed his halfbacks wide to protect against Maryland's split end and flanker back, and used his linebacker to double-team Tom Brown, Shiner's pet receiver. It worked just fine. Shiner completed only five passes, none to Brown, but three intercepted (two by defensive Quarterback Don Caum) and, with their firepower blunted, the Terps succumbed 23-7.

Pitt dulled Syracuse's ground game with a stunning line that roated three linebackers



BACK OF THE WEEK: Tailback Eldon Forte, college total offense leader, passed and ran for three TDs in BYU upset of New Mexico.

LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Huge (270-pound) Tackle Jimmy Dumas made all the big tackles as Ole Miss held LSU to 70 yards rushing.

in tight, then made the Otagoremen pay for their errors. A high center pass and fumble as the end zone gave Pitt its first score, a poor punt set up Paul Martha's 31-yard sprint for the second and Martha ran back a Syracuse pass 54 yards for the last one as the Panthers won 24-6.

Army, still focusing on the soft part of its schedule, turned Fullbacks Ray Paske and Bob Whang loose for three scores and whipped Boston U. 24-0. Villanova belabored Detroit to win 14-0.

As usual, some Ivy League teams were flexing their November muscles. Unbeaten Dartmouth wrapped Yale in a variety of carefully planned defenses and won 9-0. Princeton defeated Brown 28-12 while Harvard trounced Penn 36-0. But the wildest game was played at Columbia's Baker Field. Behind Cornell 21-6, Harry Hersh's two touchdowns brought the Lions within roaring distance of the Big Red, and Archie Roberts put them ahead 25-21 with a 24-yard pass to Al Butts in the final seconds.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE:
1. USC (8-0) 2. OREGON (5-4-3)
3. WASHINGTON (6-1-2)

While USC was beating Washington in a game advertised as the West's best in 1962, back east—in Rocky Mountain country—the big game of the day pitted New Mexico, a sure bet to win the Western AC title, and weak Brigham Young. How well, partisans wanted to know, would BYU Tailback Eldon Forte—who led the nation in both rushing and total offense—do against a

continued



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tough team? He couldn't, some reasoned, be as good as his statistics. Sure enough, he wasn't. He was better. BYU bombed New Mexico 27-0 and Forte passed for two touchdowns, ran for one, raised his totals to 999 yards rushing, 739 passing and 74 points.

Up at Portland another classy back, Oregon's Mel Renfro, paralyzed Stanford with three touchdowns, and the Ducks went on to win 28-14.

Sell another superback, Terry Baker of Oregon State, scored all three Beaver touchdowns to disappoint tiring Washington State 18-12. Coach Jim Sutherland wailed: "We changed our defense to shoot for him and our offense to keep the ball away from him. Look what happened!"

What happened to California was UCLA's Kermit Alexander. He romped for four scores and, despite a 236-yard passing show by Cal prodigy Craig Morton, the Bruins won 26-16.

Air Force took advantage of Wyoming's bumbling and won 35-14. Utah beat Colorado State 26-8 to extend the Rams' losing streak to 23 games.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE 4. TEXAS (8-0-0)
5. ARKANSAS (6-0-0) 6. TCU (4-2)

At kickoff time against Texas Saturday, SMU led the Southwest Conference. Spectators snickered at the thought "I'll have no delusions about what might happen to us," said SMU Coach Hayden Fry. By the final gun Texas was prayerfully thankful to escape with a nail-biting 6-0 victory.

At Fort Worth TCU, led by Sonny Gibbs, twice came from behind to defeat Baylor 28-26. Arkansas overwhelmed Texas A&M and won 17-7 on Billy Moore's quarterbacking. Danny Beahm's plunges and mean defense. Rice beat Texas Tech 14-0.

At Tempe Larry Todd ignited a 30-point second quarter, and Arizona State blazed

past huge, fearsome Utah State 34-15. Unbeaten Bowling Green was thrashed by West Texas 23-7, even though it stopped both Jerry Logan, the nation's leading scorer, and Pete Pedra, third in rushing.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE 1. MISSISSIPPI (8-0-0)
2. ALABAMA (7-0-0) 3. LSU (6-4-0)

It was Ole Miss against the rapidly dwindling field in the SEC Alabama, of course, with its diet of patsy, was still very much alive. Sophomore Joe Namath made sure of that against Mississippi State. He passed the Bulldogs dizzy for two scores, left them flat-footed and open-mouthed when he ran the ball, and Alabama won 20-0. But Auburn finally ran out of luck. Florida ripped apart the supposedly inviolable Auburn defenses for 309 yards on the power bushes of Larry Dupree and the slick passing of Tom Shamon and put down the Tigers 22-3.

Duke saw Georgia Tech's Billy Lothridge and that was enough. He beat the blue Devils 20-9, completing 12 of 16 passes for 125 yards, scoring on a six-yard run, two field goals and two extra points. Tennessee picked off six Wake Forest passes, ran back two of them for touchdowns and whipped the Deacons 23-0.

Kentucky almost had a big win. With five minutes left in the third quarter, the tough but tiring Wildcats led Miami 17-6. Then George Mina took charge. He rallied the Hurricanes for two scores, went over from the one himself in the closing seconds and Miami won 25-17. Georgia happily settled for a 10-10 tie with North Carolina State. Vanderbilt lost to Boston College 27-22 for its 15th straight, and Tulane dropped a squeaker to Virginia Tech 24-22.

Clemson, after three straight losses in its own "Death Valley," gladly followed sophomore Charlie Dumas to a 17-6 win over North Carolina. Virginia filled the air with passes (44) against South Carolina, but all to no avail. The Gamecocks won 40-6.

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Alabama over Miami. Alabama's concrete defense is too tough for even Miami's Mins.

Duke over Maryland. Both teams come from behind, but Duke gets there first.

Kansas over Nebraska. Kansas will exploit Nebraska's soft spots.

Michigan State over Purdue. The Spartan runners will outshine Purdue's passers.

Northwestern over Wisconsin. But Tom Myers will have to be at his very best.

Penn State over West Virginia. The Lions attack too smartly for West Virginia.

Navy over Syracuse. Syracuse is still learning. Staubach's passes will win for Navy.

Arkansas over Rice. The busy Porkers have too much fat for paper-thin Rice.

USC over Stanford. In the air or on the ground, USC is stronger all-round.

Oregon over Washington State. Oregon is tougher on defense, faster on offense.

OTHER GAMES

GEORGIA TECH OVER FLORIDA STATE
LSU OVER TCU
OHIO OVER BOWLING GREEN
OKLAHOMA OVER IOWA STATE
PITT OVER NOTRE DAME
PRINCETON OVER HARVARD
TEXAS A&M OVER SMU
UCLA OVER AIR FORCE
UTAH STATE OVER WYOMING
WASHINGTON OVER CALIFORNIA

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS
12 RIGHT, 3 WRONG
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FITNESS

An open letter to Bud Wilkinson:

Ever since President Kennedy first coined the phrase in these pages (SI, Dec. 26, 1960), the concept of the Soft American has been a matter of national concern. According to the President's last "progress" report (SI, July 16), more than 10 million of our 40 million school children are still unable to pass the very minimum of physical fitness tests—and European youngsters are still far ahead of us. In 1961 George Munger, director of physical education at the University of Pennsylvania, offered a challenge to Bud Wilkinson, the Presi-

dent's Special Consultant on Youth Fitness. Professor Munger, using his own comparison of European and U.S. athletic activities (SI, July 31, 1961), concluded: "Americans are too vanity-minded. 'What we need,' he said, 'are more mediocre seatbacks having a bang-up time on the seventh team.' This week, a Michigan housewife, mother of three (two boys, 15 and 4, and a girl, 12), presents a second challenge based on similar and, we think, even more meaningful findings right from her—and our—own backyard.

Dear Sir:

I have watched and listened to your television plea for more physical fitness classes for youngsters until I can no longer refrain from writing to you. I believe we adults are entirely to blame if we have "softies" who cannot perform even elementary skills.

A child is born with a physical drive so strong that a playpen, crib or other restraint is useless after 18 months. Some resist earlier. From toddler to preschooler the active, boundless energy of children amazes adults. And yet these same hardy, healthy, energetic youngsters are the subject of your messages about softness. Why? What happens to their zest and enthusiasm for exercise as they grow older? What possible lure can a television set offer as a substitute for good, hard play outside on a nice day? And why does such a large percentage of our youth enjoy sports only from the grandstands? I believe I have a partial answer.

We adults are so used to our heavily competitive stride we cease to think about it. We believe in stiff competition.

We believe it nourishes better business, finer products and keener minds. We tend to forget its side effects, especially when we foist our adult "competitive spirit" on our children. Ask any psychologist and he will tell you young schoolchildren are already highly competitive. One psychologist at the University of Michigan said that second-graders hold such high standards for themselves that they overtry, sometimes with disastrous results. And this is apart from the pressures of school and home.

Therefore, if children are both naturally energetic and aggressive the fault must lie elsewhere. I believe it is because we will not tolerate mediocrity in athletics. We make room for the "average" in any other field, any walk of life, but we cannot abide it in sports. Remove the shame of mediocrity from sports and you will have more takers.

Have you ever been to a tryout for Little League baseball? This, to me, was enlightening. When our son was 8 he appeared with several other excited, highly nervous boys. They were all "auditioned."

All wanted terribly to be good enough. Several boys were not just good, they were excellent. Our boy managed to ease in on probation after he promised lots of home practice. But the humiliation and disappointment on the faces of those who were rejected was something I will never forget.

Isn't 8 years old a little young to be a failure? Why are only the best allowed to play? Isn't the fact that they all wanted to play much more important than how well they can play? It seems no matter how much the Little League has accomplished, it has defeated its purpose. The Little League is also an excellent tool in many cases for the parents to grind personal axes. The teams no longer belong to the boys. Our boy lost interest after the first year because he warmed the bench practically the whole season. This was not the fault of the coach, just the system.

In school gym classes it is the same story. I am not discounting the tedious and exhausting job of contending with 40 or more children who tend toward the unavoidable horseplay. But for those who really try and still cannot excel should there be shame attached? Our boy could not tumble in the sixth grade; now he is in the 10th grade and still can't tumble. One incident in gym class in the sixth grade was inexcusable to me, and it is all the more sickening because I have heard the same story with variations from other people here and in other states.

During a calisthenics series all the boys were performing one at a time to pass the tumbling test. A youngster having just as much trouble as my son was forced to try over and over again in front of the assembled class with accompanying abuse and derision from the gym teacher. He never did succeed in passing the requirements and so he was punished. My son was ill that night and was still vomiting the next day. It was several days before I learned that it was his turn the next day and he couldn't face it. If a speech teacher or a chemistry teacher had behaved in such a manner he would have been taken to task, but we allow our gym teachers this ugly privilege.

This practice is not confined to the boys' gym. Many a girl develops a loathing for sports in the fifth and sixth grades because of an overzealous, bullying teacher. Another highly regarded meth-

od is called "group control." The teacher gets the class to bring pressure on the "offender" by encouraging sarcasm and ridicule. This is most effective and should develop a lasting hate in the ill-coordinated boy for his body and for all sports.

This kind of thing is unjust to the point of stupidity. In the classroom, because the required work is gauged to meet individual needs, any ordinary child, with an honest effort, can memorize the spelling words or trace the maps at a given age. Similarly, we should recognize that no two children have the same muscle control and coordination. They are being punished and ridiculed for something they have no control over. And what child wouldn't try his heart out to avoid such a situation?

With so much emphasis on skill, we have made childhood athletics a grim business. We have replaced the fun with hard work, the enjoyment with furious determination. We have made achievement of excellence the only goal. Thus when we fail (and it is inevitable that most of us do) we withdraw ashamed and embarrassed. Businessmen on the golf course have made the game of golf into a deadly affair. My neighbor broke a \$65 putter over his knee and threw it in the river because he wasn't playing a consistently good game. In a women's bowling league I observed the captain of the first-place team padding the score because it was losing that afternoon. A friend of my husband wished he were in better condition. He added, however, that he would be so "poor" at any sport now he'd feel like a fool getting a workout in the gym.

This is the crux of the whole matter. We must decide what it is we really want—a few champions or a nation of healthy, fit citizens. If only the Beethovens were allowed to use musical instruments, only the Van Goghs paints, the Rodins clay, the Hemingways typewriters, this would be a sad world indeed. Yet in sports we have lost our perspective and our sense of humor. It has become a cult for the dedicated few while the rest of us worship from the bleachers.

Give sports back to the rejects, to the imperfect and the ill-coordinated. As Webster says, "sport That which divers, and makes mirth; pastime, diversion."

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UNDERDOGS

continued from page 23

ly thrust himself into the background as board chairman. Mrs. Wismer, he explained, was boss; from now on she was going to do the talking. A reporter asked her a question. Wismer brusquely cut her off. "Honey," he barked, "after this story you can talk all the time."

Last March, Wismer hired Murray Goodman, another in a long line of publicity men. Goodman was going to create a new Titan image, but he was shelved during the opening game. Released by the Titans, Quarterback Butch Songin exulted, "I'm happy to be out of there," and forthwith returned to the comparatively happy field of probation work. Says Songin: "Harry calls all the shots. He is running the Titans, and he is bad for the whole league."

As Songin tells it, Coach Bulldog Turner, successor to the fired Sammy Baugh, is "nothing more than Wismer's puppet. Before our first game with Dallas, Turner got all the players together and asked us for plays we thought might work. Can you imagine—asking us what plays we thought might work?"

Titanic troubles

Titan plays may or may not be hard to find, but Titan fans are. A recent game, announced as 21,000, got loud guffaws in the press. "Wismer must have been counting eyes," said a writer. At the commission office in Dallas, Foss trimmed the figure to 12,000.

Wismer, meanwhile, blames his difficulties on the antique Polo Grounds. Up to last week he calculated that he had lost \$1,700,000 on the team. He figures that the Titans will do much better when they play in the new city stadium in Queens next season. He is set on keeping a share of the team, though he has publicly put controlling interest of it on the market. Prospective bidders are around. As Bud Adams puts it, "We have three very substantial groups ready to step in and take over the franchise if Wismer goes down the drain."

The Titans' troubles, however, can no longer obscure the healthier look of the league as a whole. With improvement on the field, with sharply increasing attendance, with solid TV backing and with even its weakest franchises being eagerly sought by potential investors, the AFL at last has a real right to what one of its owners calls the league's new mood — "cautious optimism."

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by Richard Llewellyn

Bred to the saddle, the best of horsemen, he lived for sport alone, and though he has all but disappeared he is an imperishable, heroic figure in a land of vast space and pride

EL GAUCHO'S DAYS OF GLORY

About 10 generations ago in South America a new race of men was born of Spanish fathers and Indian mothers—the latter taken in conquest or, perhaps, in acts of gallantry along the South American marches. From the mixture of Iberian, Celt, Roman and Moor in the conquistador, and the Guarani, Araucano and many more types of Indian on the distaff side, there came a strange breed—a cross between Don Quixote and Nick the Greek, between Sir Lancelot and Eddie Arcaro—a breed as mysterious as its name, *el gaucho*, which might mean “the orphan” and then again might not, because nobody knows.

El gaucho was bred to the saddle, the skies and the pampas, which is what he called space. He roamed at will, calling no man his master; always the knight-errant, a demon gambler, devoted shepherd and cattleman and the best of horsemen; a desperate battler, tale-spinning dandy, steadfast friend and fly-by-night lover. Curiously enough, his women seldom get into print, but he called them *china* and they crop up mostly in love songs, or with the family at fiestas for birthdays and christenings, and join in a few choruses, drink a little wine and go back to oblivion.

The reason for the respect that *el gaucho* has generally commanded can be seen stuck in his belt. The *facón* is worn behind his back, with the hilt tipped readily toward the

right hand, in a scabbard of worked silver and holding a blade about 18 inches long. At one time it was a copy of the double-edged Roman short sword, little more than a heavy razor. Time and the steelsmiths worked to produce a double-edged blade—never sharpened for a distance of four fingers from the tang (in order to give more purchase in whittling posts and to cut wire) but expertly and lovingly honed from there to the tip. In a fight, *el gaucho* never used the *facón* just to chop or slash. There were strict rules, unwritten but never disobeyed.

The blade was designed for disemboweling his opponent. Anything else was beneath his dignity. A revolver he considered an effeminate weapon. *El gaucho* has never been seen carrying one. In his view, that little piece of lead that killed or maimed at a distance might suit a weakling in ambush. *El gaucho* had to face a man, as a man, at blade's length. Either he could defend himself or not. He had little use for property, but his enjoyment of few possessions turned on his ability with the *facón*.

Top to toe, most of what he wore was in protection against the *facón*, and he dressed only in what his women could weave or what his knife and was could make for him.

El gaucho's hat came directly from the conquistador's wide-brimmed felt. He left the high crown alone

continued

Photographs by Jerry Cooke



Today's gaucho wears a beret and works on a ranch, but he is still a superb horseman.

EL GAUCHO *continued*

because it kept off the sun, but sliced the brim, turning it down in back to guard his neck and up in front, since in any case that was where *el pampero*, blowing 60 mph for weeks on end, would blast it and leave it in permanent crease.

Under the hat he wore a type of scarf bound around the head and neck to keep dust and flying grt out of his hair. A long shirt was tucked into wide trousers called *bombachas*, often sewn with embroidery by his women and, for high days, with lace, again a hand-down from his courtly Spanish ancestor. The *chupá* was an oblong piece of cloth, often square, and worn like a diaper over the *bombachas* with an end brought up through the crotch, and held around the

waist with a wide sash. On top of that, a thick leather cincture studded with coins and buckled with a massive ornament in silver held everything together.

Chupá, sash and belt gave protection in all the hours of riding but, above all, those folds of heavy cloth, the leather and the rows of coins and studs were defense of sorts against disembowelment.

His boots were made from the hind legs of a fresh-killed calf. A blade slit the hide all around, about three spans up and two down from the hock, and the "tubes" were flayed off while the carcass was still warm. The insides were scraped clean, and El Gaucho put his foot in the tube's widest part and pulled it up to his

knee, leaving his foot in the narrow part, with the heel comfortably fitting the "turn," and binding it around the ankle. He tied the open end at the toes and carried the thong to the boot top below the knee in a fancy knot. The warmth of his feet dried the hide, pressure forced it to shape and the rawhide ties turned the toes up to a point. A rub with fat and they wore for years, pliable as gloves.

Over all he wore the poncho, a large square with a slit in the middle he could put his head through. It was woven of llama, guanaco or sheep's wool, often in colors and patterns that told the knowing where he came from. The poncho was his pride, raincoat, blanket, gift of love and an outward sign of affluence. Without it, he might have had a run of misery, or gamed among men without a heart. *El poncho* always returned a beaten gamester just enough clothing to preserve the dignity of Everyman and enough money to buy the week's staples—because a hungry man's curses bring bad luck. And he had a poncho to warm his heart and his hopes and a horse to take him toward better times.

But the poncho was also a fighting weapon, solid partner of the *facón*. It slipped off easily and the folds flipped quickly round and round the left forearm while the *facón* was drawn. The fighters circled, point to point, feinting, trying to get a lunge caught in the wadded forearms, or using the folds to blunt the edge of a well-placed prod. Sometimes, in a spidery side-to-side, they would even whip the length of the poncho into the opponent's eyes or flick it under his feet.

But the *facón* was used only to go into the belly and up, or across the gut muscles. Grievous rips and gashes were the least to expect in hour-long battles with razor steel. It often happened that without being seriously hurt a man would die, literally drained of blood from a score of cuts in hands, arms and shoulders, where the poncho deflected the blade, though not all its power and only some of its edge.

This, of course, is not to say that *el*
continued

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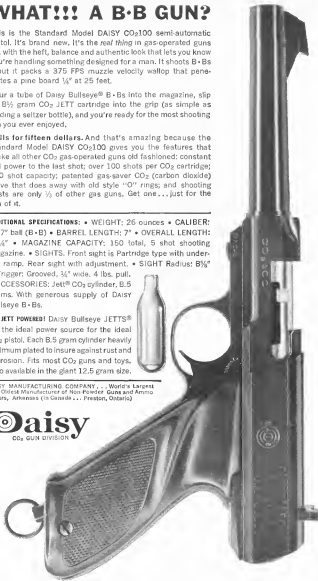
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EL GAUCHO

gaucho was a murderous animal, or that he spent his time lounging about and looking for trouble. He was first to know that he was just as likely to find it. He had his own rules and ideas about earning his keep, and he went about his business in his own way. Everything he did had to be a way of enjoying himself. He was never a workman in any industrial sense. The moment he saw that what he was doing had the earmarks of work, he reached for the horse. It is said that the gallop was invented when *el gaucho* first got a good square look at work.

He lived for sport of his own making, and his only true companion in life was the horse. His saddlery was always the best he could make or buy. Reins, quirt

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Richard Llewellyn, the Welshman whose first novel, resonates on a London park bench, was How Green Was My Valley, fell in love with South America on a visit in 1949. He has lived there, beside a lake in Patagonia, ever since.

and lasso were of braided rawhide, with silver points, knots, buttons and medallions. His Sunday stirrups were often of solid silver, sometimes weighing more than the saddle. That is, if he was lucky at gaming. If not, he stuck to rawhide. The saddle he made himself of wood, a light frame with a bar each side of the spine running nose to tail and strapped under the belly. Over that he put a girth cloth fastened with a band. As many sheepskins as he used for his bed went on top, and a thong ran over with a cinch on the near side under the stirrup.

El gaucho rode a stallion, the *secano*, was more comfortable than many an armchair, and about the only pad that could make the famous trot-gallop-trot endurable for 15 or more hours a day over any distance, day after day. Even in these days a ride of 80 miles between dawn and sunset raises no eyebrows. It all depends on the horse.

El gaucho rode a stallion. When his children were just out of the cradle he gave them, boys or girls, a stallion to ride. A man riding a mare held himself

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TRAVELERS CHECKS

up as poor in pocket, but far poorer in heart. Mares were only for breeding.

Spaniards brought the first horses in the early 16th century. Fighting killed off the masters, and the horses ran wild across the vast pastureslands of the Buenos Aires province and down into the Patagonian desert and among the green Andean foothills. Over years of interbreeding the animals became smaller, but if they lost in size they gained enormously in terms of endurance. In desert heat or arctic cold, in months of drought when food dried, in winter when snow buried pasture and ice crapped it, the wild horse learned to survive, breed and flourish. His head became larger because his jaw had to chew anything he could find. His hoof went to half its original size, but he never got sucked into a marsh, never slipped on a rock, never slid in loose shale or lost his footing on the most precipitous height of gravel. The four legs and hooves were like four driven nails. When he put them down, they stayed there.

El gaucho seldom used whip, rope or spur on a colt. He trained with hands and voice. He passed his hands over head, neck and barrel and down the legs, whispering, talking, humming, until the colt knew him by touch, sound, sight and scent, and trust was absolute. A time came when it might be said without exaggeration that the animal was part of the man. During the Indian wars many instances are on record of prisoners trussed—their feet and hands tied to a crossbar stuck through the crooks of their elbows behind their backs—and flung into deep pits. The horse would track its master, wait for nightfall, drop into the pit, gnaw the rawhide loose, kneel to let namb lemba sprawl on its back and make quiet way out of enemy lines. It may sound like a fairy tale, but the records are there.

Horses were never tied or shackled at night. Their right to be free, to feed and water at will, was respected. By morning the mount could be miles from the campfire, but *el gaucho* never grudging the walk or the time lost.

His best mare wore a bell on a neck

(continued)



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EL GAUCHO *continued*

thong to guide the troop, perhaps a dozen or 20 animals. *El gauchito* came on behind, sometimes leading a packhorse carrying hides for the night's shelter, a pot to boil water and yerba, salt and flour enough for the months of roaming, and perhaps a goatskin of wine.

Meals were simply dough baked in embers and cuts of beef or mutton grilled on a stick, and *el gauchito* rarely ate more than twice daily. He was, however, a meat eater, and he put away four or five pounds a meal so that a sheep might last a couple of days. His dogs fed on the scraps. In the good old days *el gauchito* killed a bullock only for the tender meat between the hide and the ribs, and the tongue, and left the rest for the kites. In times of drought, when sheep and cattle were scrawny or scarce, the country gave him guanaco, ostrich and armadillo.

A steady diet of mutton and bread might appall nutritionists, but the yerba was a slight laxative, strong in vitamin C, and the wine gave *el gauchito* iron and, in any event, history seems to show that so long as he stayed on the pampas he lived a long and healthy life. In their 80s many of them were still vaulting into the saddle and winning races.

Whether as cattleman, shepherd, tracker or guide, *el gauchito* had no peer. As a child he rode with his parents between summer and winter grazing, often with more than 1,500 miles of day-after-day travel paced to the flock and herd. Animals were as much a part of him as his family. A herd or flock given in his charge was safe as in its own corral. He was honest. He had to be. Or fight. In days when there were no police or justices, the *gaucha* was sole arbiter. In many parts of the continent it still is.

El gauchito was a man of instinct, never of emotion. He considered it cross weakness to show grief for a relative or friend. But he would mourn his horse's death for as long as his money would buy wine.

He earned his fee as a guide, never on the payroll but going along for the company and sharing the pleasures of the journey. It was sport, and not really work at all.

In charge of a herd, he was paid for each animal delivered on the hoof. For

continued

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ENTER: THE KING His majesty, *Almadén Brut*. Made by the traditional French process... the méthode champenoise... this is indeed the royal standard of champagne. In princely attendance are *Extra Dry Champagne*, *Rosé Champagne*, *Pink Champagne* and *Sparkling Burgundy*.



THE REVIEWS Almadén Wines were served exclusively at the American Pavilion, Brussels World's Fair, 1958. Almadén Champagne, alone, was selected for the Presidential Inaugural Balls of 1953, 1957, 1961.

EPYLOGUE

Almadén publishes *News from the Vineyard* with wine notes by Frank Schoonmaker, recipes by James Beard and others. It will be sent free if you drop a note or postcard to: Almadén Vineyards P.O. Box 900-G, Los Gatos, California.

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a flock of sheep he got so much for so many, plus a few extra sheep for himself for butchery on the way. The distances to be covered took weeks and sometimes months. It was his pride and his sport to travel at such a rate as to arrive where he was sent exactly on time, with the animals weighing the same as when he received them, or even fatter. Often, over country with scant feed and water, that was impossible, though as a good *ropero* he would plan with greatest care the route that would save his animals from the most fatigue, and at least deliver the majority alive. Since prolonged drought or an icy winter could kill off thousands of head, *el gaucha* could be worth many times his weight in gold, because he knew the lakes, rivers, hills and pools that never dried in the hottest summer, and the forests and canebrakes that in the worst winter would give feed and shelter. But he took the pay he was offered, and either put a few more coins on his belt, or bought some horses, or went along to the nearest *bolche*—a type of bar-cum-store selling wine from the barrel and simple items he needed. Where the wine poured was always a meeting place for old friends, a news center, gambling den, cockpit and general bucket o' blood. Most *bolches* were built of three wattle walls, a straw roof and porch, a one-plank counter and a hitching rail. The missing wall permitted a nice current of air, which took out the smoke from the wood fire besides allowing more customers to line up and overflow onto the porch. More important, it gave the *facón* ample room to hiss out of its sheath, and the general scatter could nip out in the open without wasting a drop of the wine.

"*El gaucha* began to die when they first put a chair in a *bolche*," runs an old saying. Chairs and stools can be tripped over, and knives were no use. Again, men used to sitting on their saddles or haunches had no use for seats, and wood usually went on the fire, which was one more reason for wattle walls and a straw floor. They burned easily, and often did, but as easily could be rebuilt. No sympathy need be wasted on the barkeep. He started out with a barrel of wine and died of old age with a

continued



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EL GAUCHO continued

million. *El gaucho* would drink or gamble himself into high-interest debt for months ahead and repay 1,000%. In the matter of money, no downier bird was ever plucked.

His gambling could be divided into two parts—that is, with or without the horse. He could ride races, jump, try to put a nail through a two-inch ring just above his head at full gallop, or still at gallop go down a line of stirrup-high



pegs, each a horse length apart, and take hats off them, winning his bets if he took them all, losing all bets if he missed or dropped one hat. In those games and countless others he relied on the horse as much as himself. Dismounted, he could take a hand at cards, chiefly *truco*, which was probably being played in the time of Achilles. The rules vary from north to south—four or more, or less, can sit in—though to explain it in English would be in the nature of teaching bridge in Morse code to an aborigine. The pull of the game lay in the bluff, both in play and in speech. Here again language fails, because *el gaucho* spoke his own version of Spanish, with a

sprinkle of Indian words, a kind of verbal shorthand full of double meanings, inversions pointed by tone of voice and expressions not far from a rough poetry, elusive enough in his own language, blank in any other. (The classic story of *el gaucho*, told by José Hernández in his *Martín Fierro*, in translation turns simple rhythms and homely wit into doggerel, footnotes and asterisks.)

When he had drunk himself sober

bring the bone down male side up every time. Bets can be enticed by deliberately losing a series of throws, though when enough money is pooled, the *tubo* comes down the right way. Because *el gaucho* will often put all he owns on a bet, he can lose the wages of years in a few moments, clothes, animals, women as well, and he can also ride off with a fortune. Dice games were rare because they could be loaded, and the *fardo* bids



Rounding in Catúelos, Argentina is reminiscent of the gaucho's thousand-mile drives.

once or twice, he could go out in the open and take a throw at *tubo*, which is played with a section of bone from a cow's hind leg sawed through at the hock. The piece of bone is about two inches wide, polished and plaited with metal shaped to form on both sides. One side is called *male* and the other *female*. The playing area is about 20 paces, more or less, on any ground, wet or dry, even or not. The player holds the bone lengthwise on the extended fingers of the right hand, thumb on top, and lofts it over the distant mark so that, hopefully, the male side falls uppermost. Rough and ready though it may seem, champions are able to play in mud, rock, gravel or dust and

readily toward the right hand. Even so, the *tubo* has also been loaded. The loaders often were mourned with wane and affectionate laughter.

Ironically enough, *el gaucho's* three basic qualities—honesty, inherent capability with animals and knowledge of space—were three strands of a lasso that finally brought him down. Sheep and cattle produce money. Investment means property and maps. And boundaries. Perhaps the shortest-lived race of sportsmen in history was throttled by the wire fence.

The trails their fathers had ridden were shut off. They had to follow the wire to find a gate. Well-bred stallions took too

(continued)

LEARNING through the SEAT of the PANTS



The learned SAMUEL JOHNSON has observed:

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much of modern time to breed and train. Horses dropped to ponies. Men were seen riding mares. The *bolche* grew a fourth wall and a bar that sold soft drinks. The sons of *el gaucho* went to work for a monthly wage. Instead of a poncho they wore a leather jacket and a cup or a beret instead of *el gaucho's* hat, and the *facón* became no larger than a jackknife that rarely disemboweled anything more than cans of condensed milk and soup.

El gaucho went the way of the Model T Ford. Some are still on the road as freaks of time and chance, and the rest are remembered in three-day bouts of nostalgia at rallies where sons wear their fathers' dress and sing the old songs, drink as much wine and tell the same stories in language that has been to school, perhaps, but still retains the salt, and sometimes can even be translated.

For example, the one about the hungry puma. For two days he searched the mountain looking for the sheep, but all he found was a plump goat. Goat meat has no appeal for the puma. "Horrible creature," he grunted. "However, sheep'll follow you, so you follow me." Nightfall came, and no sheep. The puma was hungry, tired, fretful. "Lie close," he growled. "At least keep me warm." Next morning, the puma woke red-eyed and ravenous. The goat trembled, but the puma hardly looked at her. All day passed with not a trace of sheep. The puma screamed with fury. The goat, of course, ate anything. She was now very plump. Another long day and night passed. No sheep. On the second night the puma was too hungry to be furious. But going into their sleeping place, the goat was startled to see the puma looking at her in a most affable manner. "Tell me, m'dear," said he, picking long, dripping fangs with a talon, "Anybody ever mention that you have the face of a most beautiful sheep?"

Even today, when *el gaucho's* son meets a *cham* along the way, he greets her with open arms. "Ah, but *Señorita!*" he calls. "Anybody ever tell you? You have the face of a most beautiful sheep!"

She knows just what he means. **END**

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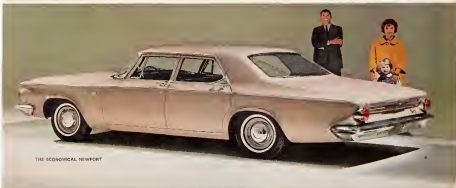
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MRS. X

Only an hour ago Mrs. X was tucking her three small children into bed...unearthing Mr. X's favorite tie... showing the baby sitter where to find the potato chips...interchanging her wife-mother-and-glamorous female heads dutifully and deftly.

Here she is, ready for an evening out...obviously as familiar with Balmain and Balenciaga as her children are with

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

SWEET DREAMS

Sirs:

Since when does a second-best team get top billing before the start of a new season (*Growing to Greatness*, Oct. 29)? If William Leggett is just predicting, let him say so, but to call the Los Angeles Lakers "the best in the whole NBA," is only wishful thinking.

Judging from the Lakers' miserable start this season (1 win, 4 losses), Coach Fred Schaus better seriously consider keeping all 12 players instead of that versatile 10 Leggett writes about. The Celtics can still run the pents off any team in the whole NBA.

BILL GORMAN

Flushing, N.Y.

Sirs:

Please tell dear, sweet, misinformed William Leggett the Boston Celtics will win seven of the nine season games scheduled against Los Angeles and, if they should meet in the playoffs—and there's an excellent chance the Lakers won't make it to the finals—the Celts will win in five. Boston is so strengthened by the rookie (John Havlicek) and the "fat man" (Clyde Lovellette) from St. Louis that they are undeniably the finest basketball team around and, I submit, the finest professional team engaged in any sport today. Why don't you keep this letter around so William Leggett can read it again in April? Shame, shame, shame.

JONATHAN SCHWARTZ

New York City

Sirs:

The statement that the Syracuse Nationals are one of the weakest, dullest teams in the NBA is the most false I have ever read. I would like to ask if Mr. Leggett knows which team has not placed lower than third since 1951? For what team does the all-time scoring leader of the NBA, Dolph Schayes, play? Which is the fastest team in the NBA? Not Boston, not Los Angeles, not San Francisco or St. Louis, but Syracuse.

DAVID F. HOYT

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

The Nationals are the fastest team in the NBA and the most enjoyable to watch. With speedsters like Hal Greer and Larry Costello, the Nats play basketball the way it was meant to be played—using the fast break and the give and go. This is what basketball really is; it is not the towering center pushing the ball through the cords.

HOWARD MORIN

New Brunswick, N.J.

Sirs:

Your view of the St. Louis Hawks made me sick. The Hawks have molded a team of veterans, trades (Phil Jordan) and rookies into a fresh new team. This team, in my opinion, is the best that the Hawks have had since the 1957-58 championship team. The league standings agree with me (5 wins, 1 loss). In fact, just the other night the Hawks held the Boston Celtics under 100 points and beat them. The ABL can stay as long as it wants to. The Hawks don't need their players. They have enough good players now. The only "trouble" here in River City is the trouble the other NBA teams are going to have against the Hawks.

MARTIN HENDIN

St. Louis

ROCK ISLAND LINE

Sirs:

Whoever put together your pro basketball report overlooked one player on the Chicago Zephyrs lineup—and what a player!

I'm referring of course, to Iowa's great center, Don Nelson, of neighboring Rock Island, Ill. In his three years of varsity basketball, playing with three undistinguished teams and little support against an array of greats that included Lucas, Havlicek, Dischinger, Bellamy and others, he rewrote the Iowa record books.

Here are some of the records he shattered while running up a three-year total of more than 1,500 points:

- Most points, single season
- Most rebounds, three-year career
- Most rebounds, single season
- Best field-goal accuracy, one season
- Most free throws, one season
- Most free throws, one game

He is 6 feet 6½" moves well under the basket and the hammering he endured while a target for Iowa's opponents for three years makes it reasonable to assume that he can stand the pace of the pro game.

In my opinion, he will do more to help the Zephyrs—who last year, as the Packers, were possibly the shabbiest and drunkest team in pro basketball—than either Dashiinger or McGill.

ED MOFFITT

Moline, Ill.

BLACK BOX SCANDAL

Sirs:

This is an open letter to No. B5893 (*Keep Your Eye on the Ball*, Oct. 29):

You may have been the one who eluded me twice in one day in the gentle shadows of Babe Ruth, et al, at Yankee Stadium—

continued

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15TH HOLE *continued*

getting my wallet and the contents of my car. I am not proud of this distinction, but at least I can be thankful for two things: the bag in the car contained dirty socks and shirts and the credit cards in my wallet were out of date. Now that you are on the lam, happy hunting, but don't try me. I learned my lesson.

THEODORE G. LAW

Allendale, N.J.

SREG HEIL

Sirs:

Re derogatory letters on Chinese Bandits, coolie hats, rabble-rousers, etc. (P19H HOLL, Oct. 29).

- 1) They win games.
- 2) Nothing beats victory.
- 3) Q.E.D.

J. ALEXANDER HOTTELL III

West Point, N.Y.

MAN'S PHILOSOPHY

Sirs:

I have just finished Allan Seager's article, *The Jaws of Sport at Oxford* (Oct. 29). I got particular enjoyment out of Mr. Seager's meeting with his college swimming coach, Matt Mann (*Teach Your Child to Swim*, June 27 et seq., 1960), after his return to Ann Arbor. As SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reported (Aug. 20), Matt Mann died last August and, truly, his philosophy was that athletics should "be fun." You might also be interested in knowing that Michigan has just officially dedicated its varsity pool as the Matt Mann Pool.

JOHN DUMONT

Captain, University of Michigan Swim Team

Ann Arbor, Mich.

REPEAT PERFORMANCE

Sirs:

Since the beginning of the 1962 baseball season, I have enjoyed reading *BASEBALL'S WISAK*. Your writer did an outstanding job of boiling down eccentricities, great moments and excitement for rabid fans, casual fans and armchair experts.

Last week I was looking through some older issues and came across Herman Wenkop's first article (April 23), which had a very interesting, yet minor detail about the San Francisco Giants: "Willie Mays hit the first pitch thrown to him this season for a home run, repeated the next day. San Francisco sportswriters noted that the last time Mays hit a homer on opening day was in 1954, when the Giants won the pennant." The implied prediction came true when Willie Mays caught a short fly ball for the third out in the bottom of the ninth in Chavez Ravine 164 games later to give the Giants another pennant.

ROBERT M. SLOAN

Alamo, Calif.

continued



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RED-HOT SKINS

Sirs:

Well! The Washington Redskins got three whole pages from *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (*New Kick for the Redskins*, Oct. 15)! True, they've deserved very little in the way of recognition since 1957, but the generally lean years since 1946 are all forgotten now as the Skins seem to have attained the prominence they deserve this season. You stated in a previous issue that the possibility of a .500 season was not remote. How about revising your estimate to the extent of saying that Washington has a real contender for the Eastern Conference title?

W. HOLLES LETH

Martinsburg, W. Va.

Sirs:

Washington has come through with a fine team and a beautiful stadium. My complaint is that \$6 for every seat is pretty high. If George Preston Marshall would rearrange the prices, the Skins would draw 50,000 on every home game.

PHIL KIEFER

Washington

BOWMEN'S BUTLERS

Sirs:

I'm sure that archers everywhere, and especially members of the National Archery Association, enjoyed William Barry Furlong's article about Paul Butler and Oak Brook (*Mau With 14 Polo Furlis*, Oct. 22). But I was sorry that he didn't talk about another Butler in connection with it—Julius W. Butler, Paul's brother, an extremely vigorous, imaginative man of 67.

Both Butlers, but especially Julius, have made Oak Brook and archery synonymous in the minds of NAAAcers. The main polo field, which you showed, will be the site of our national championships in even-numbered years. Next June 22-23 it will be the site of our qualification tournament to pick three men and three women to represent the United States in the biennial world championship meet on the playing fields of Eton. (In the last four world championships U.S. archers have won 13 of 16 gold medals, a record, I daresay, that cannot be matched by any other U.S. team in international competition.)

The tournament comes to the United States in 1965, and Julius Butler already is working to see that it takes place at Oak Brook.

WILLIAM STUMP

Riderwood, Md.

TERRIFIC

Sirs:

How could you possibly report the World Amateur golf team championship and not once mention Canada's Gary Cowan (*U.S. Is Best on Fuy's Favorites*, Oct. 22)?

continued*but for PHOTOGRAPHY?*

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19TH HOLE *continued*

He just happened to be the low scorer among 23 four-man teams. He tied the low-round championship score of 68 on the opening day, but you noted only that Deane Bettan carded a "magnificent" last-round 66 to tie the course record. You were lavish in your praise of the Pakistan team, calling them the New York Mets of international golf. So you really know how to be appreciative when you want to. Couldn't Cowan's 68 be rated at least "terrible"? Or maybe just "pretty darn good"?

GUY LESLIE

Toronto

PERCENTAGE PLAY

Sirs:

I do believe soft-spoken Washington State Coach Jim Sutherland has outspoken himself (*Big Surge on the West Coast*, Oct. 22). His statement that "To be effective [as a passing team] you must have 65% completions and there isn't a college passer who can do this" doesn't exactly satisfy me Miami's great quarterback, George Mira, a junior, has completed only 66 of 133 passes and has a mere 48% completion percentage. Yet without Mr. Mira's golden arm Miami would not be the excellent football team that it is. Mr. Sutherland has inflicted an insult upon the college quarterbacks of America.

THOMAS REDDY

Westfield, N.J.

Sirs:

We've been noting the statistics on total offense of various backs in the country. At the top of the list is Eldon Forte, the tailback from Brigham Young University. Forte's total offensive yardage for the first five games was an unbelievable 1,092 yards. Thus, you must agree, it is an almost superhuman accomplishment.

DAN HUBBARD

CRAIG LAMBERT

STEVE RUDELAK

East Saint Louis, Ill.

TIME TO QUIT

Sirs:

We find it regrettable that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED must refer to a winning, 15-foot 9-inch pole vault by Ron Morris as "lowly" (*FOR THE RECORD*, Oct. 22). Two years ago that height would have been nearly a world record. Furthermore, this particular vault was achieved during the off season for American track men. If the time has come that any effort which is not of world-record caliber cannot be recognized as an outstanding or even good effort, then it is time for humans to give up competition of any sort.

MIKE JOHNSON

GERRY GAENTNER

Los Angeles



Bug Who Sings with Caruso

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Ronnie Ferraro (above) is 19 years old, weighs 98 pounds, owns three saddles, one whip and a Chevrolet Impala. "When I drive to work," he says, while combing his stringy black hair in front of a mirror, "I take a look into the gutters to see if there are any old jockeys lying in them. How many stories have you read about jockeys who destroyed themselves with drink or who believed everything that was said about them and who just went plain, flat bust?"

Since the start of this racing season Ronnie Ferraro has become one of the leading riders in the U.S. (262 winners, with 10 weeks to go). In a three-man race for the championship he is the jockey no one has heard of. The others are Willie Shoemaker (285 wins) and Bill Hartack (265). "When I was very young," says Ferraro, "I used to have a nightclub act doing impersonations of the great singers—Johnny Ray, Mario Lanza, Nat King Cole, Frankie Laine. But then my voice changed and that career disappeared. Now when I'm through

riding I go home in the evenings, close the doors and windows, play the records of Enrico Caruso and try to sing along with him. There are some people who call me The Sparrow."

"At our track," says Bryan Field, the vice-president and general manager of Delaware Park, "Ferraro rode 84 winners in 54 days, easily breaking every existing record. He got 50% of his mounts in the money, and horses he was riding who should have been 6 or 7 to 1, or more, were knocked down by the bettors to 3 to 1, or less."

"It looks to me," says Johnny Nerud, the onetime agent for Jockey Ted Atkinson and a longtime friend of Willie Shoemaker's, "that if Shoe thinks he's going to be able to beat this kid easily then he had better change his mind. Ferraro isn't going to let up. He wants the championship, just like Shoemaker and Hartack wanted it when they first started. And don't let Shoemaker or Hartack kid you. They still want to be the No. 1 rider in point of winners even though

continued

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A Bug *continued*

they get the big-money mounts today. If you ride the most winners, you're top jock."

Ferraro has no doubt about the matter. "I figure," he says, "just one a day ... just one a day and that will do it. I'll ride every day, every race right until the end of December. At the beginning of this year I was riding at Charles Town, wearing gloves and thermal underwear to keep warm. This winter I want to ride at Hialeah and Gulfstream Park where the sun is out and the money is big."

Since 1953 only one rider, Johnny Sellers in 1961, has been able to win a jockey championship from Shoemaker and Hartack. "Last year," says Sellers, "I set myself a goal of seven winners a week. Each day after I'd get through riding I'd wait for the morning papers to come out to see if my opposition had gained on me. It got to be agony. I'm sure Ferraro is going through the same thing. You haven't time to gloat over the three winners that you had yesterday. You have to think about the one you have to get tomorrow."

"I've ridden against Ferraro a few times and I've watched him, probably out of professional curiosity. When most young riders ride against the better jocks one of the first things they do is try to impress the opposition. They raise their irons so that they sit high up on a horse and look pretty. Of course, it's a silly thing to do. But most young riders do it. I watched Ferraro the first day that he rode at Aqueduct. His reputation had preceded him, but he had gained his reputation on the smaller tracks, riding against competition that wasn't as stiff as it is in New York. When he went out in the post parade I saw him fooling with his irons and I said to myself, 'Oh, oh, here he goes.' I'm not sure whether there was something wrong with his irons or not, but he didn't raise them. In fact, I think he lowered them."

Last year Ferraro was one of 400 apprentices who got mounts in the U.S., and one of 135 to win a race. He won that first race on November 28, 1961 at Pimlico, after 53 losing mounts. The horse he rode was named Velvet Bows and the comment in the racing chart was: "VELVET BOWS followed the pace to the stretch, moved boldly along the inside to attain command and drew clear with mild encouragement."

On Thanksgiving Day Ferraro got his second win, on a 10-to-1 shot named

Slipperoo II. Slipperoo was, according to the chart, "under restraint until reaching the stretch, responded to energetic handling and outfinished June's Crocodile [by a head]." Ferraro finished the year with 10 winners in 136 mounts.

"When I was 13 or 14," he says, "my father bought a motel in Florida right across from Gulfstream Park and a few jockeys stayed there. I used to go over across the road and watch them early in the morning. I'd try to think to myself what they were doing, try to understand. Some of the jocks used to tell me things and I'd remember them."

"By the time I was 15 I was hooked. My family lives in Bucks County [Pa.] now, in a place called Cornwells Heights. We have a ranch home and about two acres of ground. My father is an air-conditioning contractor. I used to get up at 3 o'clock in the morning and hitchhike to Atlantic City or Pimlico and gallop horses. Finally, a trainer named Lyle Marmion hired me. By the time I was 16 I was taking care of six horses, galloping and mucking stalls for \$21 a week."

"Right now Ambrose Cremen, a trainer, has first call on me. I gallop his horses and ride wherever his horses are stabled. I get paid \$350 a month plus the standard fees for a mount (\$25)."

The advantages of a bug

Ferraro, of course, is still a "bug boy," the racetrack term for an apprentice, and he rides with a five-pound apprentice allowance. He will lose this advantage on December 12. There are many opinions about what happens to a jockey when he loses his bug. "Once you lose that five pounds," says Bill Boland, who rode Middleground to victory in the 1950 Kentucky Derby while still an apprentice, "people start to look the other way. A lot of people don't like to try a kid once he has lost his apprentice allowance. For some riders, losing the five-pound edge becomes a mental block."

Johnny Sellers has a different opinion. "When I lost my bug," he says, "I knew that I was still the same rider and if I could produce, people would ride me."

Ronnie Ferraro feels that the loss of the bug will hurt him not at all. "I think," says Ferraro, "that I have what it takes. I won't let things bother me. There is a man, a big fat guy, that follows me around from track to track. He stands in the grandstand in a sport shirt and when I go to the post he boollers, 'Come on Ferraro, you Rat Face.' Actually I hope that he enjoys himself. He

is paying to yell and after all he's probably paying at least \$2 a yell."

Ferraro's style of riding is unusual for a youngster; most apprentices, still learning a sense of pace, try to get out of the gate first and stay there. Ferraro has the courage to lay off the pace, come from behind and drive his horses inside along the rail. Twice this season he has been suspended for driving through holes too small, but suspensions are not likely to stop him. His ability is such that he has already been put on horses good enough to win three stake races this year, and three stake victories for an apprentice is a remarkable number. Already he has tried to sell his contract to the best stables. "I'd like to sell it to a stable like Greentree," he says, "because I figure they are the best outfit for a jock to get mixed up with. Mr. Whitney (John Hay Whitney) and Mrs. Payson (Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, who also owns the New York Mets) are fine people. When you are young you must put yourself in the way of success."

Last May 21 Ferraro courted success as few young riders had ever done before. He decided that he was ready for New York and good enough to ride against the Yeasas, Buezas, Bolands, Rotzes and Shoemakers. He walked into the jockeys' room at Aqueduct in a magnificent brown cashmere jacket, brown slacks and tany, pointed brown shoes. He was met by silence.

He slid into a pair of purple silks, put on a gold cap and examined the jockeys' room. He stopped in front of Ismael Valenzuela's locker, stood on tiptoe and looked inside at a note written on yellow paper. "Dear Daddy," it read, "Just a few lines to say I love you Daddy and miss you a lot." It was signed, "Your son that loves you very much."

Ferraro walked a few lockers away and gazed into one that said "Shoe" on the top—Shoemaker's. At the bottom of the locker was a blue American Legion cap with gold piping that said, VICE COMMANDER ROBERT F. WAGNER, Wagner, the Mayor of New York, had given the cap to Shoemaker in 1959 when Shoemaker won the first race ever run over the Aqueduct track.

"I wonder," someone said, "why Shoe never took the cap home?"

"When you get to be like Shoemaker," said Ronnie Ferraro, "you only do what you want to do."

And in a year, or maybe two, Ronnie Ferraro will be doing what he wants to do.

END

E15



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The Mysterious Ways of the Timberdoodle

A loner, a fly-by-night, a shore bird who doesn't like to get his feet wet, the elusive woodcock is a charming and challenging adversary

by **DAN HOLLAND**

My first woodcock provided me with an entire season's shooting. I hunted this bird regularly after school all one October, and on each occasion we went through the same routine. After I had flushed and missed him a couple of times in the birches where he lived, he would take to the treetops and disappear somewhere down in the big woods near by. There the shooting would end. I never did find exactly where he went in the woods, but he would be back in the birches waiting for me the next trip.

Eventually I got him. One afternoon the woodcock made the wrong turn at the wrong instant and fetched up solidly with a load of No. 10s. I raced forward to where he fell, expecting at any moment to see him jump again and fly off into the woods, but I found him sprawled awkwardly on the curled and crinkly birch leaves. I picked him up gently, smoothed his ruffled feathers and gazed at him a long time. It wasn't regret that I felt. This was my first woodcock and I was excited and proud to have brought

The Island Game Hunter is a 16-page 100% woodcock and quail. © 1961 by Dan Holland.

him down, but I did realize that there was something personal between us. That little timberdoodle and I had become the best of enemies.

The woodcock is strictly an oddity. He is a shore bird gone astray. The granddaddy of all woodcock apparently got tired of having wet feet all the time and took to the hills, deserting all his long-legged teeter-tailed cousins along the beaches and marshes and moving into the unnatural habitat of the upland bird. He has also gone nocturnal to a large degree. Some folks call him an owl snipe, and in the old days Southerners used to hunt him on his night feeding grounds by the light of a flaming pine knee. He seems happiest in the short interim of half-light between daylight and dark. Then and at night is when he does his migrating, something which has left many an uninformed hunter bewildered. Woodcock might be swarming in a favorite cover one evening and the next morning have vanished, as mysterious and elusive as will-o'-the-wisps.

Of course he's not strictly nocturnal. He does a lot of daytime feeding—several times I have shot a woodcock with a half-swallowed worm in his bill—and most hunters know he is a long way from being helpless, considering the way he can handle himself on the wing in bright light. He's versatile, that's all.

Physically, even, he is an oddity. Not only are his eyes arranged in a peculiar fashion near the top and back of his head, but his ears are located forward of the eyes. Instead of carrying his ears behind the eyes like all other respectable creatures, his actually lie between the eyes and the base of the bill. It has long been a matter of conjecture whether a robin sees or hears a worm when he cocks his head. Nobody will ever settle that except a robin, I suppose, but there must be some reason why a woodcock hears some kind of rumblings or chummings going on in the earth beneath him before he commences to probe. And probing is the reason he has a bill so unique, not just in length, but in the way it is constructed. He can ram it into the ground to the ears; then the tip can be opened and closed at will while the remainder stays tightly shut, much to the dismay of many an earthworm. And, being an individualist, he has his top jaw rather than the lower one hinged.

The woodcock is a solitary and se-

continued



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Timberdoodle continued

clusive creature. Combine this with his known oddities, his strictly out-of-character personality, and he immediately becomes a bird of mystery subject to all manner of speculation and fancy. The theory has been seriously advanced that a hen woodcock carries her young about by grasping them between her thighs and flying off with them. But a woodcock's legs are simply not constructed for any such maneuver. The woodcock is an imp, that's all. One of his most delightful characteristics is this ability to make people scratch their heads in wonder.

Another fantasy commonly heard is that a woodcock subsists solely by sucking mud. His diet, of course, is earthworms, which, to my way of thinking, would be less desirable than good, clean mud, but then I'm not a woodcock.

One of the most absorbing exhibitions in all outdoors is the spring mating dance of the male woodcock. He selects a relatively open spot for his dance. It may be a forest glade, or a well-cropped pasture. At any rate, it is a spot clear of brush and high grass. Here on spring evenings, when the light is commencing to fail, he puts on his show. Although his dancing ground may be two or three hundred yards from the hardwood thicket where the female bird is nesting, his performance does something for him because she flies to him on the dancing ground to mate, then returns to her thicket. However, whether he is an optimist or just likes to show off I don't know, but he continues his dance nightly, long after the eggs have been fertilized and the hen bird is concerned solely with her maternal duties.

For a while he struts about pompously, his little tail erect and spread and his wings drooping, pausing occasionally to emit a sharp buzz—like the sound of a high-voltage current sparking across a gap—twisting his head abruptly as he does so. After going through these clownish antics for a few moments, he suddenly takes off at a fairly low angle and spirals high into the evening sky. His wings whistle and he climbs until he is just a dot far overhead. As he nears the top of this flight, his wing motion and accompanying whistling sound become interrupted, coming in spurts in ever-increasing tempo, then suddenly he turns earthward, letting go all holds, and descends in abrupt, erratic darts from side to side. Now comes the most unbelievable part of the whole affair. This is the song. The characteristic wing whistle is

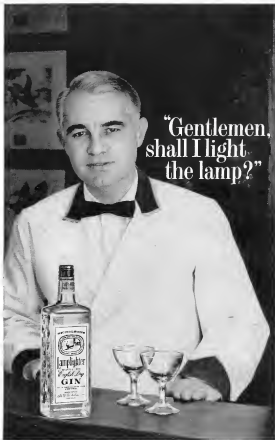
replaced by a sudden burst of music, filling the evening air with a series of melodic notes, as clear and ringing as though struck from tiny bells. Then, as abruptly as he departed a minute or two previous, he swoops down and alights gently in the same clearing, in the fading light, appearing gnomelike with his owl eyes and false-face bill. Again he struts around awkwardly, giving each buzz everything he has with an emphatic twist of the head, then takes off again in the same pattern of flight and musical descent. This performance continues until almost dark; then, as though exhausted by all his effort, he squats, his head sunk on his shoulders and his long bill pointed obliquely toward the ground, and goes to sleep.

To anyone familiar with the woodcock in October, this entire show is a contradiction. No one who has hunted him through the autumn hills would believe the woodcock capable of making such dainty music. But that is the essence of this strange little bird, to be and to do anything but what would normally be expected of him, and that is probably his outstanding quality as a game bird. As surprising as he may be in all these respects, he is never quite so surprising as when he jumps suddenly out of the dry leaves at the hunter's feet and darts off across the alder tops. Sometimes I think he surprises himself.

One of the most interesting woodcock hunts I've ever been on was during the month of May in New Brunswick several years ago. In the hunting party were four men and a dog—a sleek and capable brown-eyed Llewellyn setter—and we accounted for about a hundred birds in four days. This all sounds thoroughly illegal, but the other fellows on the hunt were the late Dr. Logan Bennett and Alastair MacBain of the Fish and Wildlife Service, and Dr. Bruce Wright of Canada's New Brunswick provincial government, which made it all right—especially since we were only banding woodcock, not shooting them.

Aside from the lack of guns, however, this trip had all the aspects of a normal hunt. It required just as thorough a knowledge of covers and woodcock habits as autumn hunting and, above all, it demanded steady dog work. The dog was what made it fun, of course. There are few game birds better suited to dog work than the woodcock anyway, and in the breeding season they lie even

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tighter and react even more ideally for a staunch pointer or setter than they do in the fall. Without a dog, such a spring banding hunt would be a waste of time. Men alone, no matter how sharp-eyed, could cover the same ground we did and be lucky to locate one brood. It's difficult enough to spot them even after the dog has pointed.

The woodcock's nest is practically no nest at all. It is merely a slight depression in the hardwood leaves, appearing as though it were made by the weight of the mother bird's body and little else. The little ones get up and walk away with the old lady almost as soon as they step out of the shell and shake off the dew. We saw a story written in the damp earth near such an old nest which told of Lesson One in life. The parent bird had been drilling, and around each of her drill marks were little pinpricks made by the young ones imitating her maneuver.

A woodcock lays a clutch of four eggs, no more and no less. Knowing this, we made it a point to locate all four young whenever the setter made a find. Sometimes we had to stand and look for several minutes before we accounted for the old bird and all four of her homely kids. A missing one might eventually turn up sitting within a foot of someone's boot.

The woodcock depends almost entirely on his protective coloring for self-preservation, and this coloring is just about perfect. He fits ideally with the curled, brown hardwood leaves on the forest floor where he makes his home. It's the shiny-black, shoe-button eye that most often gives him away.

A woodcock hunter must be a thorough hunter for this reason. He also must be a careful observer. An upland hunter necessarily keeps his head up and is continually alert. At the same time, however, a good woodcock hunter observes the ground as he walks over it. He sees any chalk marks, or splashing, and he doesn't pass any drill marks unnoticed. He knows whether or not birds are using the cover, and without half looking he can tell whether the sign is fresh that day or old. The fresher the sign, of course, the more thoroughly he hunts the cover.

Because of the timberdoodle's inclination to let a man walk by him, a dog is an enormous help in woodcock hunting. In fact, he is essential for anyone who is going to take it seriously. The dog must be thorough and have a satisfactory nose.



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Other than that it doesn't make much difference what color, size or shape he is. Personally I prefer a pointing dog. Some hunters do well with cockers and springers, but it seems a shame to waste a tight siter like a woodcock on anything but a pointing dog. The Brittany, a pointing spaniel, is said to have been developed specifically for hunting the European woodcock, a bird similar to ours except larger.

A night flyer

Being solitary individuals and night flyers by preference, there are few times when woodcock can be seen in actual migration the way you see flocks of geese or crows winging overhead. Occasionally I have felt that I have prompted a bird to be on his way. In the evening I sometimes shoot and miss one, not an unusual occurrence, and I watch him fly and go until he dwindles to a tiny speck on the southern horizon. At other times, after the hunt is over and we have returned to the car, I have heard the woodcock wing overhead or have actually seen them silhouetted against the sunset as they come in from the north and drop into the covert we have just left. There are a few places, such as Cape May, New Jersey, where the physical nature of the land and sea attracts concentrations of the birds, but places of this kind are about the only ones where woodcock migration can be witnessed in force.

Some hunters insist that they can tell by looking at a bird whether he is a flight bird or a native. Their explanation is that the flight bird is either larger or smaller than the native bird, depending upon who is making the explanation. I've heard this from hunters all up and down the line. If a flight woodcock were truly larger, those that fly into New Jersey from lower New York would be larger than the home-grown variety, those from Connecticut would be larger than the New York birds, those from Massachusetts larger yet, and so on until those that fly into northern Maine from Canada would look like turkeys.

There is no difference in appearance between a flight woodcock and a native woodcock, any more than there is a difference of that kind among robins or green-winged teal or any other migratory birds. Technically, almost all woodcock are flight birds even before the season opens, and they are not going to look any different for having flown a few miles. A

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Timberdoodle *continued*

"native" bird becomes a flight bird 20 miles south of the hillside where he was raised, and I doubt that he changes appearance overnight.

One solution to this prevalent difference-size theory is the distinction between a male and a female woodcock. The hen bird is noticeably larger and has a longer bill. To explain the difference to himself the hunter might assume that the larger—or smaller—birds, the females or males, come from different areas.

In the experience of the men I hunt with, the stragglers found at the bitter end of the season are predominantly male birds. Fish and Wildlife Service men banding birds on their wintering grounds



in Louisiana have noted through the years that the male birds depart for the North about a week ahead of the hen birds. Nothing is known about any such tendency during the fall migration but if we take the freedom of a generous assumption, it might be deduced that the male birds are more ragged than the females and stay North longer. This would mean that the tail end of the migration would consist of male—and thereby smaller—birds.

But all these conjectures and theories only add charm to the mysterious and contradictory little owl snipe and have little to do with his game qualities, which are the best. He has all the necessary characteristics to make him interesting and challenging to hunt: he has a fast getaway, his flight is erratic and, most important, he is unpredictable. **END**

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